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**THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.**

A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT
GREAT BRITAIN.

*Reprinted from the PALL MALL GAZETTE, with
considerable additions.*



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for the purpose of getting accomplished, and of accumulating within myself such a stock of civilizing material as to be able to share it with my countrymen when I go back to them.

My name will be found at the beginning of this book, my likeness at the end.

I am, probably like you, neither short nor tall, neither thin nor fat, neither fair nor dark. When I have toothache, or am annoyed by anything else, I must look rather fierce—probably like you; but when I am too contented both with life and myself, I suppose I must sometimes look stupid—I dare not say that this is like you.

When I first came to England, I was like almost every continental man, sea-sick from crossing the Channel, amazed by the greatness of London, and confounded by the stiff manners and unintelligible language of its people. By-and-by, however, I grew accustomed to all that (with the exception of the sea-sickness, of course, to which I have been no more exposed, at least, in the literal sense of the word). Your metropolis does not amaze me any more; your manners no longer seem to me stiff, and your language becomes quite intelligible to me, although, when used by myself, it may not always be intelligible to you.

Acclimatized a little, I began to study the country,

and soon perceived that, for the purpose I had in view, I could not find a better one. It is not without reason that England is everywhere reported as standing at the head of the civilized world. Yet in admiring as I do the perfections of this country, I could not fail to notice its little spots too—for, Englishmen must not be offended, England has spots, as the sun has. During the week days, however, when I was constantly attracted by something so new and so edifying to me, I overlooked these spots ; but on Sundays, when I was alone, unable to go anywhere, to admire or investigate anything—when I heard but the monotonous tolling of the bells, and saw but deserted streets and shut-up houses, these spots, I don't know why, re-appeared to me, and made me feel myself quite queer. In attempting to get rid of uncomfortable thoughts, I sometimes put them down on paper, as I had often experienced that it is the best way to relieve myself from what may occasionally prove to be too heavy for my head. This process, however, could here no longer be carried out so easily as usual, for my landlady objected greatly to my writing on Sundays, and to carry out my custom, I needed to spend a far larger amount of eloquence on that lady than I shall ever be able to bestow on the reader.

But what I wrote thus I never intended to give to the Public, and it is obvious that it was only by Allah's

special wish to reward my courageous protest against English Sunday views, that I have been promoted to the dignity of an English writer. You will see by-and-by how he combined with the ladies to make me this surprise, and how my modest Sunday thoughts began, not only to be immortalized for the benefit of posterity, but to be distributed among the present generation of the very same Englishmen to whom I came to edify myself. During upwards of a year, I saw these thoughts frequently printed in no less distinguished columns than those of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I saw in omnibuses, and the Underground Railway, highly respectable gentlemen coming from the City, and reading these thoughts; I heard them speaking about me, sometimes approving, more often censuring, but always apparently presuming that I wrote for the special purpose of amusing them for the two-pence they graciously spent. More than that, I enjoyed a favour which no other contributor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has ever dreamed of—that of seeing sometimes my humble name printed in big letters on the yellow board of that distinguished paper on the days when its columns possessed the benefit of—what I must presume to be—some particularly happy thoughts of mine.

What I at first experienced from all this is not to be described by a poor pen like mine. Never more shall

I feel again anything of the kind, until the days when the celestial Houris will sing over me the enchanting songs of Paradise. But man being a creature of habit, I grew quite accustomed to it, and mention it now only consequent on my not being able to present the usual clergyman's reference, and my therefore wishing to refer the readers to something else. And I hope that the above-mentioned placards, as well as some of the above-mentioned City gentlemen, will form a sufficiently satisfactory reference for people who may be so light-headed as to put themselves into communication with me through the medium of this little book.

I must say; however, that I thus refer only in regard to my person, the little book being something different from what those gentlemen have read ; for all the articles have been, as your great writers say, revised and re-cast, while some new have been added, and many others—much to your advantage—omitted. In short, if my articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* have any relation to this little book, it is only that which the first step in the path of crime has to its consummation.

And I know my crime is of a very heavy nature, for it consists in my utter incapacity to make empty compliments to people. If I were a poet, my position would be far better, as I should not have used the frank and plain language I now employ, but one of which the more or

less sonorous rhythm, and the more or less pretty figures and antitheses, would have masked whatever might occasionally be unpleasant in the subject itself.

I should have said, for instance :—

I love thee, England, for all that which has raised thee so high ; but I don't like thee for a few things which keep thee so low. I love thee for the great men thou hast given to the world ; but I don't like thee for thy hosts of little men, whose miserable clamour drowns the voices of the great ones. I love thee for the splendid green of thy fields on a bright summer day ; but I don't like thee for the dense fog which clothes thee the rest of the year. I love thee for the pretty faces of thy girls ; but I don't like thee for thy putting nothing into the heads of these girls. I worship thee for the wealth and forces thou holdest ; but I shudder at the misery and weaknesses whose existence thou toleratest . . .

In this way I should go on for a long time, if I were a poet ; but as I am not, I must confine myself within the limits of the humble faculty Allah has given me of speaking in plain language about plain things. I was often told that Englishmen are too proud to desire praise, and I suppose that they are too wise to be offended by any kind of criticism when some use is to be got from it. The whole question, therefore, is, whether there is any use to be got out of these Sunday scribblings. If they

are read at least by a few, it will be a good symptom, and I shall write more. If not, it will be unpleasant for me, and I shall quickly disappear. At all events, there is not the slightest danger for the reader of being provoked to quarrel with me, nor the slightest reason for his supposing that I am not his most faithful and most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

HOW ENGLISH LADIES HELPED ME.

UNLESS a man intending to write about a country should begin as a school-book on Geography does, by saying that the Country is bordered on the North so and so, on the South so and so, &c., he must be in great perplexity as to the choice of subject with which he has to begin. Why should he begin with Institutions or Customs, with Justice or Commerce, rather than with anything else? And all the perplexity which such a man must feel, I felt to a very great extent when beginning this, so that I endured long controversies within myself before I took any resolution. I always hoped, however, that Allah, and some ladies, would help me. I relied upon Allah because I have been, since childhood, accustomed to rely upon him, and I know he always helps one when it is necessary. As to the ladies, I relied upon them because, since I can remember, they have always played, one way or the other, a prominent part in my life, and have always happened to interfere with it. I cannot say that it

was often to my comfort, but in the beginning at least, it could have often seemed to other people that it was to my pleasure. Now, facts have proved that I was quite right in thus relying upon Allah as well as upon the ladies, for both of them speedily came to my help—he in his usual, not very perceptible way, and they in the form of “a young lady who has no desire to cultivate habits of dependence.” Having read in the *P. M. Gazette* a paper about the inappropriateness of women’s dress, she immediately wrote, signing herself in this somewhat long manner, a letter to the Editor, thanking him for the service he and his contributor had thus rendered society by raising this important question, and suggested that she had a theory upon it. What her theory was I don’t remember now, nor what the gentleman wrote; but I do remember that neither in his article, nor in her letter, was there any practical indication in what way European ladies’ costume is to be altered. This struck me very much, and I resolved to point out to the Editor that theories have no value in this question, and that a practical starting point should be indicated. The article of the gentleman who thus provoked the gratitude of many liberal ladies said, for instance, that contemporary ladies’ dress was inartistic and extravagant, and that “it should be in the first place conscientious, in the second, beautiful, in the third, appropriate.” I explained to the Editor that as I did not know what his contributor considered artistic, and as I did not see any reason to care about extravagance that I had not to

pay for, I must confine myself to the latter part of the argument, which appeared to me as having no meaning at all ; for we are in Turkey of the opinion that everything ought to be, "in the first place, conscientious ; in the second, beautiful ; in the third, appropriate." I suggested to him also that the best plan would, perhaps, be to consider the question chiefly in its relation to the preservation of the health of ladies, and this not only as a means of removing sufferings from the prettiest part of the present generation, but as one of the chief means of securing convenient bodily and mental conditions of existence to future generations of the whole of our fellow-beings. To effect this I thought there was no better way than to adopt our Eastern costume, or at least the most substantial part of it, which of course I have not mentioned by its real name, as I know that, although we consider this part as the most proper and beautiful, Europeans, and especially Englishmen, think otherwise, and do not allow it to be named. And with a view to add more weight to my proposal, I adduced the authority of a very learned German professor whom I had previously consulted on this subject at Heidelberg, and who furnished me with a considerable amount of various arguments in favour of the supposition that were the ladies to adopt a certain part of our costume there would be as few pale faces, toothaches, influenzas and neuralgia in Europe, as in Asia. • He also pointed out to me, with a true German *Allseitigkeit*, the disadvantages which such a change would have had ; in the first place, with regard to the supposed unfitness of our female

costume for old ladies; and in the second place, with regard to the circumstance that Northern ladies have very seldom nice feet, and therefore would not like to let them be seen. But I naturally objected to him that the question about our costume suiting or not suiting old ladies is simply one of the eyes getting accustomed to it. In fact, European dress seems to us far less convenient for old ladies; and an Asiatic is always exceedingly shocked at seeing a number of elderly English ladies exposing their respectable grey shoulders to the eyes of the public, and the draught of the badly arranged theatres. As to the second disadvantage, it must vanish of itself, since European ladies took the resolution to wear short dresses.

Of all this I made a letter which, to my great astonishment, was approved and published, and the first step on this dangerous path immediately led me to the second. On the next day I was forced to write again, and again it was a lady who induced me to do so. This second step, which you will find in the next pages, finally introduced me into the distinguished body of English writers, for since then, I have never left my pen, and, like every man who has tasted of the dangerous drink called writing, am not likely to give it up, until some strong pressure from without is exercised upon me in that direction.

AN INQUIRY INTO ENGLISH PROPRIETY.

I.

ON the memorable day of June 29th, 1869, when I enjoyed for the first time the sight of my Turkish thoughts immortalised in the columns of an English paper, I had to dine at the house of one of the most charming and liberal ladies of South Kensington. The lady does not profess to have any theories, or to cultivate habits of independence ; but still she is very liberal indeed, and a constant reader of the *P. M. Gazette*. This last circumstance I quite left out of view, and entered her drawing-room in the most serene state of mind, when she began to make me her compliments upon my English (which, I must say, was then so exceedingly bad, that my present bad English is a perfection when compared with that), and upon the anxiety I expressed in respect to the preservation of the health of ladies. But everybody knows that compliments of a liberal European lady, when addressed to a gentleman for his having spoken about anything concerning ladies, must always end in a scolding. At least, if you do not

know it, I do ; and in the above instance I had the occasion of making an additional experience—namely, that while the compliments are usually agreeably moderate, the scoldings are very long and immoderate. On that day I had to endure them for more than two hours. The lady said that I reversed the natural order of things, that I asked to be allowed to dress the ladies, that I spoke openly of a thing for which even France could find only an *inexpressible* name—France, who names the most improper things by their plain names, &c., &c. I tried, of course, to prove to her that I reverse nothing whatever, that I did not wish at all to be in any way mixed up with the unpoetical task of dressing the ladies, and that I always carefully avoid every impropriety, not only in my words, but even in my thoughts. Yet, as is well known, in a contest with a lady who takes the fancy to think she is right, no kind of proofs are of any value. The mother of my opponent came soon to join her daughter, and I had then to stand against a cross grape-shot fire of two very redoubtable enemies. It was very hot, and during the battle I unwillingly thought of those naïve Englishmen who constantly say, when anybody attempts to allude to the so-called women's question, that they want to remain masters in their houses. I don't see at all how they could remain what they are not. I saw at that dinner what is called "the master;" he could not utter a single word in my defence, although he told me afterwards, when we were smoking our cigars, that he completely agreed with me. In Turkey we buy our wives, and cannot manage to be masters of them ;

how could it, then, be possible for Europeans, who almost always sell themselves?

Yet a good dinner brings good temper, just as a quiet night brings good advice. At the dessert all was right again, and we could sum up the bottom of our contest, which proved to consist of two facts: the first, that I had spoken of a thing which a man has no right to interfere with—the ladies' dress; the second, that in speaking of it I was neither sufficiently proper, nor sufficiently respectful with regard to elderly English ladies. Granting the first proposition, I refuted the second, by saying that about the elderly ladies I had told only what I have seen, and that, in respect of propriety I considered myself as quite irreproachable, since I had spoken only of a thing which existed, and since, in accordance with my notions, everything which exists can be openly spoken of, if it is necessary to do so. This last idea was just that which encountered the greatest opposition from the side of my opponents. They said that England has an unwritten code of propriety which forbids the mention or the doing of certain things even when they are necessary; that this code is immovable; that every offence against it shocks the true English sense, and that this code will never be changed or altered, under any consideration whatever, for it constitutes the moral beauty of England, the real basis of all its domestic and social virtues. I objected that, if written codes meet with so great difficulties in subjecting men's actions, an unwritten one must meet still greater difficulties. "No, no," was the answer; "if

you stay longer in England, if you study better our society—not in its lower classes, of course, but in its respectable classes—you will be surprised by the harmony which reigns amongst its members in the matter of subjection to this code, and by the beautiful fruits this subjection bears.” I am a bad judge in matters of harmony, but I like very much all kinds of fruits, and this kind was described to me in such charming colours that I could not resist the desire of devoting my special attention to it, so as to carry home the most exact and many-sided notions about the pretty country I see and study now.

And one of such occasions had immediately presented itself. Scarcely was I out of doors after the above dinner, than the fresh air aroused within me the following combination of thoughts. The degree of morality of a people is measured by its relations to what is considered as immoral; the degree of its propriety must, therefore, be measured by the relations of the people to what is considered as improper. Many high scientific authorities have strongly advocated the application of the statistical method to the investigation of moral phenomena. Would it not be possible to apply the same method to the investigation of propriety? And if it is possible, what is considered to be the most improper thing at this moment in London, and what are the relations of English society to it? To judge by the press, the most improper things in London were then the performances of Mdlle. Schneider, and the mother of the above South Kensington lady strongly reproached me for my having supposed the presence of elderly ladies at

these performances. It was obvious, therefore, that a statistical investigation of the relations of English society to the performances of Mdle. Schneider could give me a good general idea of the quantity of propriety diffused in this country. Such being the combination of my thoughts, I set immediately to work.

How shall I classify the observed facts? In moral statistics all phenomena are arranged in different series according to the sex, the age, the profession, the religion, &c., of the individuals. In the present case the sex only would be obvious; all the other qualifications were unavoidably to be taken in a broad and therefore not very correct manner; but as I wanted only a general idea, this could not make a great difference. Suppose I put aside the question of religion, by considering the whole of the assembly as Christians and members of the High Church, what shall I say of the professions? They must be very different, but inasmuch as it is necessary for my present purpose, I may take it for granted that all the professions usually represented at the St. James's Theatre must be considered as "respectable," for a man of an unrespectable profession cannot afford to pay five guineas for a box, one guinea for a stall, or even half a guinea for a reserved seat. Well, how will it be as regards the age? I can neither know the true age of the individuals, nor take the broad division of "old" and "young;" for to say of anybody that ~~he~~ is old, as long as he can walk, see, and eat, is considered an offence in England. The classification of ladies is still more difficult in this respect, especially for a southern man, as the English ladies say

that we have very disagreeable notions about age in consequence of our ladies getting old very soon. Therefore, to avoid the offending term, and to have at the same time more palpable external indications for the arrangement of the series, I resolved to divide the whole audience, in the first place, into two broad classes of "ladies" and "gentlemen," the first class to be further sub-divided into two sub-classes — "young ladies" and "ladies having, most likely, grandchildren;" and the second class into two corresponding sub-classes of "gentlemen with hair," and "gentlemen without hair at all, or with a small quantity of grey hair." (In the case of ladies, I found it impossible to take the colour or quantity of hair into any kind of consideration.)

Such was the scheme I composed for my inquiry into English propriety, and this is a copy of the notes I brought home from the performance of the "*Barbe Bleue*" on Tuesday, the 29th of June :—

Theatre full; only seven seats vacant in the parterre; predominant sex in the boxes and in the parterre female, while in the second and third galleries male. In the third gallery (amphitheatre) a good many French working men; the rest of the audience thoroughly English; two Englishwomen in the amphitheatre are with children, of which the one, a baby of about fifteen months, constantly cries, and is constantly hissed by the Frenchmen. Can plainly see and classify only the compounds of the stalls, of which there are about a hundred (six rows, at sixteen and seventeen stalls each), taken thus:—By "ladies having, most likely, grandchildren," 11; by "gentlemen without hair at all, or with a small quantity of grey hair," 29. The remainder consists of

"gentlemen with hair," and "young ladies ;" but I don't see at all what is called on the Continent the "*jeunesse*," and what is called here the "swells." The whole audience has a thoroughly solid appearance, with the exception of three boxes which are occupied by a few really "young" men, most likely coming from a bachelor's dinner. Nor do I see questionable female faces, which are so abundant at Mdle. Schneider's performances at Paris. It is obvious that there are none here but highly respectable people ; several gentlemen came with their wives and two or three daughters, ladies of about twenty years of age. The whole is in full dress. Out of the eleven "*ladies having, most likely, grandchildren*" eight are in low-neck dresses, exposing shoulders which, being exposed in Turkey, would be considered as a great public nuisance. The majority have opera books, which is a proof that they do not understand French sufficiently well to follow the play.

What brought then this audience to the theatre? They know the music of Offenbach from the piano and the German bands ; they hardly understand all the allusions and the *mots* of the libretto, for when the Frenchmen in the amphitheatre laugh, the mass of the audience begin to look in the book for an explanation of the laugh. Is it, then, only the gestures of Mdle. Schneider which form the attraction? I asked the ticket-collector if the theatre was always so full? "Usually it is far more crowded," was his answer ; "the Crystal Palace took to-day lots of people." I asked what was the total receipt of an evening ; but he could not tell me. We shall not make a great mistake, however, if we put it at 600 persons at an average price of 10s., which makes, for six weeks of Mdle. Schneider's performances, 21,600 persons at the

cost of £10,800 (with gloves and carriages most likely over £12,000) to see the gestures of a French lady considered as the most improper actress of the age !

This is not all. As I saw in the *Times* that the attendance at the fête of the Viceroy of Egypt in the Crystal Palace amounted on that day to 33,628 persons, I wished to see how things were going on at the St. James's Theatre without the Viceroy and his fête, and on Friday, the 2nd of July, I was again at the performance of the same "Barbe Bleue." The theatre was literally crowded, and chiefly by ladies, who in the stalls alone occupied 63 seats out of 100. One of the ladies presented a sight which I never saw before in any other country. She was at least sixty years of age, wore a splendid silk dress, blue and white, with a red opera cloak scarcely covering her naked shoulders, and with feathers and gold bowls in her scanty and completely grey hair.

How was all this to be brought in accordance with the unwritten code of propriety ? Personally I had and have still no objection whatever to the performances of Mlle. Schneider ; on the contrary I find them clever and witty. The cancan element of them is inherent to the French nature, as the jig is inherent to the nature of an Irishman, or a tarantella to an Italian. The Frenchman is unthinkable without the cancan in the moment of his gaiety ; it is thoroughly national in him ; it has passed into his brain and into his blood ; it lives in the songs of Béranger and Gustave Nadaud, and he would not be a Frenchman without it. The French stage-writer has, therefore, the full right to introduce this element into his

comical plays. But what kind of reason could young and old English ladies have for running by hundreds to see such plays, especially if they understand only the half of the words as well as of the gestures—I was unable to perceive, and was obliged to conclude that my first inquiry into the fruits which are borne by the unwritten code of English propriety was not very satisfactory, and that it may easily turn out after all that the Frenchman who said that “while French people are fanfarons of vice, English people are hypocrites of virtue,” has not been very much in the wrong.

II.

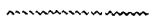
I COULD certainly not have stopped at so small an amount of experience, and a few days later I was again at St. James's to see “*Orphée aux Enfers*,” and to inquire how the dear audience of this theatre was getting on. And what was my astonishment when I saw that bald heads, low-neck dresses, ladies having grandchildren—all that had disappeared! The theatre was still full, but everything was quite proper. I could notice in the whole theatre only two gentlemen and three ladies whose age would surely command more respect at their homes than at the St. James's. The parterre contained only twenty-four ladies, and nearly all of them had covered their shoulders, although heat was far more intense now than a week since. I was often told that the press was one of the most powerful vehicles of

civilization in Europe, yet I should never have thought that it could be so powerful that a few remarks passed by a foreigner (and what kind of foreigner—an Asiatic!) and printed by an editor who had just room to fill up in his paper, could produce an immediate and palpable result. But an Englishman who sat next to me assured me it was positively the case, and I had no reason to mistrust him as, in speaking to me, he had not the slightest idea to whom he spoke. I told him I was sorry to see that a gentleman, who calls himself a countryman of mine, had so much calumniated the English society in writing to the *P. M. Gazette* what I had read there, and what I saw now to be completely untrue. “No, no,” answered he, “it is true, and if the aspect of the audience has changed it is only because the *P. M. Gazette* has printed the letter. People think the man might again be in the Theatre, and might give still more particulars about the audience, and they prefer to stay at home or to go to some charitable meeting if there is no other performance which they have not seen yet. The whole propriety and morality of Londoners consists of the fear of the ‘what might be said.’ Let them be sure that nobody sees them, and you will witness the most curious sights. As to the man who wrote the letter, it is not at all a countryman of yours; it is simply some young sub-editor who has a complimentary ticket and must write something. He thought that he might as well reckon the bald heads for a change, and with a view of not offending some subscriber, who might be amongst the reckoned, he says he is a Turk.”

You will easily understand both the hilarity and the pride which were excited within me by these words of the sceptical gentleman. But you must not imagine that this favourable result was of any considerable duration. A few days later you might have seen the usual course taken again. Until this day, even when no such celebrity as Mdlle. Schneider is present, you may see ladies and gentlemen attending the more willingly a performance the more it is *folichonne*. And I don't speak here of young people, but of that kind of person for whom it would be absolutely necessary to go to bed at ten o'clock. Mdlle. Schneider is making this year a whole round through the United Kingdom, and Ireland and Scotland, as well as England, applaud her scarcely less than she was ever applauded in that disreputable country which created her. Very often, even, you may see gentlemen throwing her endless bouquets, most likely under the "false illusion" that this talented lady can be tempted by flowers. The only difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen in this respect is that when Frenchmen threw her flowers it was never in the summer-time, when she could buy them a clothes-basketful for sixpence. Lately there were performances at the Lyceum, in which nothing approaching to the talent of Mdlle. Schneider could be found, and of which the music was not half so witty and original as that of Offenbach. Yet these performances were constantly crowded, apparently for the single attraction of a bit of cancan reproduced outside on an illuminated placard. And that I am not mistaken in thus attributing to

English society a proclivity for seeking and highly enjoying things which it professes to hold in the greatest abhorrence, I can prove by alluding to the fact that the theatre was always empty during the performance of an English comedy which preceded the opera of M. Hervé, and began to be crowded only towards ten o'clock, when "Chilpéric" was to commence. No reasonable man can have an objection to people enjoying themselves the best way they can. Human life is so dull, and English life adds so much to the common dulness by certain special arrangements, that one is only happy to see that people find some *divertissement*. But what I cannot understand is that they should not avow their legitimate desire of having *divertissements*, and that they should create for their country such a reputation that strangers are frightened to come to it, supposing that they will immediately be forced to hang themselves from ennui; and that foreign writers, when they wish to transfer a production from their own language and stage to the English, are compelled so to wash and clean it that it becomes almost completely disfigured. "Traviata" has never yet been translated into English as an immoral piece; some of the passages in the English version of "Rigoletto" and "Faust" cannot be read without a laugh at the bigotry of the translator; and the cleaners of Offenbach's and Hervé's productions recall only to memory the still more curious cleaners of Shakspeare and Byron.

MISS LUCY.



I.

LADIES having done so much towards my promotion to the dignity of an English writer, it was only a fair duty of gratitude that I should devote to them the first paper written in that new capacity of mine. Besides, I could not help speaking of that lady who then filled my heart as well as my thoughts, and instead of having recourse to suicide when I lost her, or annoying my friends with my lamentations, I preferred making my complaints to that unknown person who is so often called "my dear reader;" and whom—in England at least—it would probably be more correct to call "my cheap reader," for he reads everything one chooses to give him, and listens to everything one chooses to tell him. And I was sure that he would not alter his usual leniency in this respect when he knows that the writing comes from a "distinguished foreigner," and that it has for its subject a likeness of one of Albion's daughters drawn from nature,—and what a daughter!

She was so nice, so pretty, that I have no words to paint the feelings which her beauty roused within my

soul. Dark hair, blue eyes, and tall, as tall as me,—she was so full of grace that any man who still preserved a single drop of living blood must stop and pay her the tribute of admiration. I still remember how when, in the parks or streets the wind became a little stronger, her slight and supple body bent like those of flying angels in a picture I saw when I was young. And ladies, too, though with another feeling, must always stop when meeting her. The one was not contented with her dress, the other found her bow behind not suitably adjusted, but all of them, when looking at her face, enviously whispered, “How pretty!” It was in Oxford Street, near Parkins and Gotto’s shop

I was about to write the whole thing in this poetical style, but I found it too hard work, and thought we might as well go in the usual way. I say it was in Oxford Street. I had just bought at Parkins and Gotto’s a note-book to put down my London impressions, when I met for the first time a young lady I knew afterwards to be Miss Lucy Z——. She came out from the shop next door, and with the first step she made in the street, she let her little purse fall on the pavement. The money rolled away, and I jumped, of course, to take it up for the beautiful-looking young lady. Thanks, accompanied by the most charming smiles, from her side, and re-thanks from my side, led immediately to further conversation. Two half-sovereigns had rolled away, and could not be found either by me or by the three street-boys who undertook to assist me, nearly as eagerly as I undertook to

assist Miss Lucy. "It's rather annoying, as I was about to buy myself a new bonnet," said she with the greatest ingenuousness, and with the prettiest smile playing on her rosy lips, and showing two rows of cream-white teeth. "But let it be Pray don't take the trouble of searching any more Please let it be ; it does not matter ; I will buy my bonnet to-morrow," and a faint cloud of discontentment veiled the charming face. When I saw this cloud I was positively ready to put at the disposal of the pretty lady both my purse and my card ; and I should probably have done so in any other country. In England, however, I thought this amiability would be considered as misplaced, and with a heart full of sorrow I took leave of Miss Lucy.

Being brought up, and having constantly lived in a country where the female element plays such a prominent part in the life of a man, I felt myself somewhat queer and *dépaysé* since I began my journey, and more especially since my pursuits had forced me to stay for a longer time in England. I missed ladies' society very much indeed, and made my complaints of this to some of my foreign friends, who know England pretty well, and who told me that if it is rather difficult for a foreigner, who has not many acquaintances amongst Englishmen, to be introduced into the houses of English ladies, it is more than easy for him to make as many ladies' acquaintances as he likes in the streets, the parks, the theatres, and so on. I thought the gentlemen laughed at me, and said to them, in a somewhat offended tone, that I understood what they meant, and that I did not want

street acquaintances. "No, no," was their unanimous answer, "we speak seriously. The most charming young ladies whose official acquaintance would be difficult for a foreign gentleman, unless he spent half a year in getting letters of introduction, can be very easily made in a walk or in some place of public entertainment. We have considerable experience in the matter, and must say that this way is by far preferable, as it dispenses with a great quantity of the most tiresome formalities, and lessens positively in no respect whatever the pleasure of the intercourse. On the contrary, it adds considerably to the charm of it, by turning into a necessary courtship what would be otherwise a simple acquaintance. You shall soon make yourself this experience, if you are not very lazy and very timid, and especially if you are not very particular either about the French of those ladies, or about your own English."

Yet the somewhat awkward element of my first experience was that Venus seriously mingled herself in the matter. In a few days I again met Miss Lucy in the same Oxford Street. We saluted one another, and I hardly noticed how it happened, but in a few minutes we walked together, and talked like old acquaintances. I saw again the pretty smile, heard the sweet voice, and the new bonnet suited Miss Lucy so well that she seemed to me on that day still more beautiful than on the first. We walked for more than two hours, constantly talking over the most various subjects, and in the most desultory manner. She asked me much about my travels; asked if I had seen Italy. She should like to, see it; she

thought she should like everything there—the blue sea and the blue sky, the songs of the fishermen, and the gondolas of the ladies, the oranges of Messina, and the macaroni of Naples. She disliked the English manner of living; she could not eat any meat, and lived only upon sweets, fruits, and pastry.

I must avow that the conversation as well as the meeting itself seemed to me so original that I had not noticed how the time had fled when Miss Lucy told me it was six o'clock, her dinner time, and we were at Bayswater, close to her home. She was very sorry, but she must leave me there, for she should not like anybody of hers to see me. If I wished, however, we could meet again some other day; we could go to the Italian Opera, for instance, but not otherwise than in a box and with her sister.

If I had then read all the papers which appeared since on what is here called "flirtation," and of which many recommend "a total abstinence from flirtation to the majority of ladies and gentlemen," I should positively have avoided this new meeting. But as these papers appeared far later, I had no guide for my conduct. Miss Lucy had, therefore, her ticket on the next morning, I presume by the first delivery, and on the evening for which the box had been reserved I waited, as agreed upon, at seven o'clock at the same place where she left me. A brougham soon turned from round the corner, and I saw Miss Lucy at its window. I got in the brougham, was introduced to the sister of Miss Lucy, a lady still younger than she, although not quite

so pretty, and began then to enjoy all the pleasure for which I had prepared myself for several days. A trifling circumstance, however, had put me in a somewhat awkward position as we were going down Regent Street. Miss Lucy, having left gloves and handkerchief behind her, asked me to stop at a shop and to buy her these utensils, in which I am a very bad connoisseur. "Lemon colour, please!" said she, "six and a half, with three buttons; and the handkerchief with some lace. I should like to choose it myself, but I cannot get out of the carriage in full dress." I thought I could not do better than to repeat exactly the same words to the lady in the shop, and I think she properly supplied me with what was wanted, for I heard Miss Lucy saying to her sister on showing the handkerchief, "Isn't it pretty?" to which the sister answered, "Very pretty, indeed." The bill was only 6s. for the gloves, and one guinea and a half for the handkerchief. The lady in the shop said nothing could be cheaper than that, if I wanted it with some lace. And as I wanted it precisely "with some lace" I paid the bill, and afterwards, in making up in my head the addition of all the items, I saw that box, opera-book, and ices included, the evening of happiness would cost me altogether a little more than a five-pound note. I found it rather too dear for me, but as nothing could be changed, I took the resolution to consider it as a *fait accompli*, the further analysis of which I might as well leave for some other occasion. Yet, I don't know why, neither Middle. Christine Nilsson, nor Signor Mongini

nor Mr. Santley produced on me the usual impression, on that evening, notwithstanding I was very well disposed in consequence of the company in which I found myself, as well as in consequence of the coincidence of the names of Miss Lucy and "Lucia di Lammermoor" performed on that occasion—a coincidence which I thought as being of a very favourable presage.

The next appointment I had with Miss Lucy was at church. She could not give me any other for several days, as she was very much engaged then. I should certainly not have gone to any of your churches if my desire of seeing Miss Lucy, and of making myself a more or less precise idea of the kind of society she belonged to, had not been so great as to induce me to violate the prescription of my faith. I hope Allah and his Prophet will forgive me this sin, as it was perpetrated merely with a view to study the moral beauties of the Creation, and not at all in consequence of some non-conformist tendencies of mine.

Yet, if I put aside the question of my religious propriety in this case, I shall be forced to say that both the singing and the attendance in the church were so splendid, and the persons who accompanied Miss Lucy so distinguished, that I had quite forgotten the awkward gloves-handkerchief episode. I saw her mother, a widow lady, very elaborately dressed; I saw two sisters of Miss Lucy, one of whom I was introduced to on the opera night; I saw the brougham which I was in on that night, and of which the

coachman, having acknowledged me now, touched his hat in that thoroughly English manner which so eloquently and laconically says to you that you are fined half-a-crown for the social delight of which you have just partaken. Now, as I had saved all cab expenses on the opera night, I found the claim of the coachman quite legitimate, and only wondered myself how Miss Lucy had risked taking me in her mother's carriage. A few days later, however, the thing explained itself quite plainly when I ventured to communicate to Miss Lucy my apprehensions in this respect. She said, "the coachman is a very good-natured man, and always sure to have something." I thought the "always" especially candid in this explanation.

Not long, however, had I to live under the impression of the splendid church singing, and the distinguished appearance of the church escort of Miss Lucy. In a day or two I received a note from her conceived in the following short but precise terms :—

"Dear Azamat,

"I can meet you on Thursday at half-past two o'clock, near the Marble Arch, within the inclosure of the Park.

"Yours affectionately,

"L."

"P.S. Please burn this note."

Being a very punctual man in all kinds of appointments, I was at the Marble Arch a few minutes before

the time, and found, much to my despair, that Miss Lucy had been already waiting for me. After having made the best excuse I could, based chiefly upon the absurdity of my watch, I proposed to her a walk in the Park ; but she objected to this, as it was not the right time for the Park ; besides this, she wanted something at Booth's Library, to which we then immediately proceeded.

So far all was right ; but the blow was speedily approaching. Don't you know a fan-shop in Regent Street, close to Blanchard's restaurant ? Well, this shop is the grave of all the poetical impressions I gathered previously. During our walk from Booth's Library Miss Lucy stopped at nearly all the shops we passed, and I had constantly to express my opinion about several objects of which I understand nothing whatever. But I could not help answering, for I heard perpetually, "I like it ; don't you ?" "It is very pretty, isn't it ?" "Isn't it cheap ?" and so on. A little farther, however, I was to play a more active part, thanks to two blessed Frenchmen passing by just as we stood at the above fan-shop. Miss Lucy called my attention to several of the fans, but one of them seemed to her particularly nice, and she expressed herself in the following words, which I still remember :—"I should like to have it ; I broke my fan the other night at the opera." I should positively not have understood these words as having any allusion to what I had to do, but I heard at the same moment resounding almost over my ear, "Que voulez-vous qu'il fit ?" and the other voice answering, "Qu'il payât." I

was sure it was heaven giving me the order to *payer*, and it was only when the fan had been already bought for the price of three guineas that I thought the Frenchmen had, perhaps, merely made wit between themselves, alluding to the celebrated "*Qu'il mourût*," and that heaven had nothing to do with the matter. Yet it was too late.

You will easily understand that since this moment I could not have any more doubts as to the peculiarity of some of Miss Lucy's notions, and felt almost a sudden change in my moral sentiments towards her, yet my curiosity was so raised by the social phenomenon I had before me that I resolved to transform the enjoyment into a study, with a view of ascertaining how far such individual peculiarities can go in English society. But whatsoever may be your present opinion of Miss Lucy's character, I am sure that a further consideration will lead you, as it led me, to the conclusion that she is still a very nice young lady, and that she can only partly be censured for the peculiarity of her notions, if she is to be censured at all.

II.

YOUR distinguished countryman Horace Walpole was quite right in saying that life is a tragedy to men who feel, but only a comedy to men who think. As long as, in the course of my romance with Miss Lucy, I allowed myself the luxury of feeling, I experienced the greatest

moral troubles, of which you can easily form an idea. But as soon as I took the resolution of changing an object of affection into an object of study—*i.e.* as soon as I was trying not to feel more, but to observe and to think according to the moderate means I possess for such processes—the whole chain of subsequent events changed in my eyes into a comedy which I should have deemed very risible if it had been a little less lamentable.

I shall not reproduce before you all those trifling details which, while occurring, seemed to me to be full of significance, and have since merged into one compact whole called the general impression. Enthusiastic and fanatical as we all in Turkey are when we are not lazy, I devoted to the new object of my inquiry all I could, and this consisted of a great amount of attention, a good deal of leisure, and about £50 cash, a reserve intended for a trip to Eaux-Bonnes for the benefit of my health. You must know that since the Viceroy had chosen this place for a cure, it has become very fashionable amongst us. In this respect we are just like you: we may dislike a man, disrespect him, laugh at him, but if he has the reputation of being fashionable we are sure to imitate him.

It is most likely that my stock of attention and leisure would have lasted far longer than it did, but my money stock proved to be decidedly too small, for I found myself sitting ashore in less than a month. And I must say that hardly ever in my life was I induced to spend my money in a more absurd manner. I had previously had

some kindred experience in Paris. My own conduct was then neither more commendable nor more wise than now; but I have had at least the satisfaction of seeing that my proclivity to play the part of a donkey was of practical use to somebody else. I had fallen into the hands of a lady, who, although of questionable virtue, was of a thoroughly unquestionable sagacity and wit, and emptied my pocket in a most jolly manner with occasional pleasure for me, and with palpable material profit for herself. I remember, for instance, having paid once for some small jewellery which had been mentioned to me as being a most romantic and, at the same time, a most advantageous bargain, and which I knew afterwards as being a recent present from some other gentleman. When one is pumped out in such a manner, one has at least an opportunity of laughing; but nothing of the kind was in my case with Miss Lucy. If your laws for perjury were a little less severe, I should have taken upon me the risk of giving my oath that Miss Lucy was completely unaware either of what she did or for what she did it. Nothing was calculated in her proceedings; she acted always under the impulse of the moment provoked by the most childish, "I should like to have it." If you would have asked her why she liked this or that, or what use she expected to make of it, she would, probably, not give you any answer whatever. Let her understand that the necessary money was not at hand for what she liked, she would indifferently go farther, and at the next shop would again "like" something, perhaps twice as dear.

You must not think I here draw a caricature of some senseless *enfant gâté* in place of speaking seriously. I add not a single word either for the sake of being satirical or for the sake of being descriptive. Being neither a novelist, nor a humorist, I speak, in the plain language of a barbarian, only about what I saw. If I am sinning against truth, it is rather in the way of saying too little than in that of saying too much, as I am constantly aware that you might say to me : "Good gracious ! Such a thing was never heard of." But if you intend to say this in the present case, I should advise you to take previously into consideration that there is hardly another nation in the world which is more discreet about its own defects than yours. As long as you can hide or overlook anything, you are sure to do so, and this with the greatest care, and with the full readiness of taxing as a calumniator everybody who dares to lift up a single tip of the veil with which you cover your insular life from yourselves as well as from others. You seem always to wait till the defect turns into a public nuisance, or passes into the hands of the magistrate. Then, oh ! then your talkativeness has no end ; especially when it does not involve too high families.

But even when fallen into talk about some notorious evil, you don't take the slightest trouble to remedy it, or even to look for an explanation of it. All that you want is to prevent, by some parliamentary or police regulations, the open and public manifestations of the defect. Besides the general aim of all human beings to make themselves comfortable, you have in England a special

aim of your own—that of never being shocked, either by disagreeable words or by disagreeable sights ; of never being disturbed in your Olympic quietness and self-praise. With the aim of not seeing unpleasant sights, you call for police. With the aim of not hearing unpleasant speeches, you impose silence upon those who would speak, and impose it in many cases quite as efficiently as the best censor would have done, for you don't print such speeches. And having thus put aside what displeased or shocked you, you pass speedily over to your permanent persuasion that everything is at the utmost of its "All right" in dear old England.

Look what has been your behaviour with the so-called "Girl of the Period." She shocked you, but did she shock you in the truly moral sense of the word? No at all. She shocked your eyes by her fancy dress, her high-heeled boots, and her *chic* bonnet. It was judiciously supposed that Parliament and police would hardly be able to interfere in such matters ; and one of your reviews undertook the bold attempt of speaking of the misery. But have you ever thought of inquiring how such a produce has been grown upon your soil? Have you ever asked your girl of the period whence she fetches the money for her extravagant dresses, boots, bonnets, and various other ornaments? Have you spoken with her seriously, and told her that she is most likely to finish her career in the Thames or the Serpentine if she remains unmarried, and in the happiest case in the Divorce Court, under the judicious sentence of Lord Pen-

zance, if she gets a husband? Nothing of the kind. You have drawn a caricature of her, and think your duty is done. One part of society found the description too shocking, and refused to read it at all; the other, on the contrary, found it very pleasant and jolly, and demanded more reading matters of that sort, which the most various sources successfully supply now, both with and without illustrations and engravings. What will be your next step in this direction, I don't know; but it seems that you are not all disposed to take any reasonable step. I am sure that if you had to play my part in the romance with Miss Lucy, you would have very soon concluded that she was a common courtesan, trying to delude you into a belief that she was a respectable young lady, and you would probably have acted accordingly. Yet your conclusion would be completely wrong, for Miss Lucy is not at all a courtesan, and will probably never be one, although it is not impossible that she may hear some day a decision of Lord Penzance concerning her life, or be found in the Serpentine. A great deal will depend upon the men she will meet. If one or two of them will have the courage and the honesty to brave a crying-scene with her, and to tell her the truth about herself, she may be greatly, if not completely, reformed. Ask your friends, how many of them have met during their life kindred, if not precisely the same, dispositions as I met in Miss Lucy: and ask them what they have done, beside having reinforced them by yielding to them just as I yielded. I am sure the most kind and humane of them have remained thoroughly

passive. If you are not too contemptuously severe in respect of ladies like Miss Lucy, you are sure to be too delicate and too reserved to occasion them any pain. And you forget that in this severity as well as in this delicacy and reservedness is a considerable element of cowardice, and a still more considerable want of civil merit. I don't preach to men to set themselves a task of correcting every defective woman they meet, as I should not have preached to the ladies the task of correcting every defective man they meet. To set oneself such a task would be both absurd and useless. But to speak openly with one's fellow-being about the most important defects you notice in him, as soon as you have the right to speak about anything more than business, the weather, and the races, must be a duty for everybody who ever thought of the significance of mutual self-training. Your much extolled politeness and reservedness do not allow this! but it is a great mistake to suppose that a further cultivation of British politeness and reservedness can raise the average level of British morality. If you would not take it as an offence, I should avow to you that, as much as I have seen of your social intercourse, I am rather inclined to agree with those continental notions which attribute your politeness to indifference, and your reservedness to hypocrisy, for neither true politeness nor true reservedness, taken in their due limits, would allow a people obstinately to hide its defects from itself, until their existence is daily proclaimed by the jury, the magistrates, the coroners, and the policemen. It is indeed to miscarry

on quite a wrong field the great legal principle, according to which every man is considered innocent as long as he has not been proved to be guilty.

I said all these dull things with a view of preventing your objection that my Miss Lucy is an exception, and that I have no right to generalise from a single case. I think positively that her exceptionality is not nearly so great as you may be inclined to think. A young woman is very seldom an exception ; she is always the representative of a whole species. At all events, amongst many reasons I have for thinking that Miss Lucy is not an exception, there is one which is hardly to be refuted, and which consists in the fact that nearly all the foreigners I know in London have had kindred experiences, your Misses Lucy apparently being of the opinion that we are more *sans gêne* than you, have no chance of compromising them, as we are to-day in London and to-morrow in Spain or Turkey, and, above all, present some attraction of novelty. You may say that all such young ladies do not belong to respectable society. As yet, I could not properly make out what you call in England "respectability," and I don't know much about the Misses Lucy of my foreign friends, but I know that my Miss Lucy belongs to a carriage-people family, that she lives in a fashionable part of London, that she speaks French and a little Italian, and plays on the piano and sings so that you have no absolute necessity for running away from the room.

How it can happen that such an accomplished young

lady makes acquaintance in the street with Turkish gentlemen, and conducts herself as Miss Lucy did—is partially explained in the next chapter.

III.

I AM sure you have noticed, as I have, the strange way in which reputations of nations, as well as of individuals, form themselves, and the peculiarity they have of very seldom being true. You know, for instance, that you have the reputation of being the most practical people in the world ; yet there are several points in which such a qualification can positively not be applied to you. A few continental pessimists go even further than I in declining to acknowledge your practical tendencies and abilities. They express the opinion that you are just practical enough to preserve for ever your House of Lords, your Church, your Lord Mayors and Derby days, your Fishmongers' Corporation, and other useful but very expensive household institutions ; yet decidedly not practical enough to preserve things which have a more general and, so to speak, intrinsic value. They say that, just as you have lost America, you will lose Canada, India, and Australia, and that this loss, being quite decided, is now merely a question of time. They say that your flourishing manufactories, as well as your colossal trade, are already greatly checked, and must be finally supplanted by the ignorant Yankees, the foolish French, and, above all, perhaps, by the romantic Germans.

They say many other things which there is no need to repeat here, especially as, although highly probable, they still have not been sufficiently proved yet. What may be interesting to point out in the present instance is, that if those pessimists are right, it will be a fresh proof how untrustworthy reputations are in general, for if people reputed as being ignorant, foolish, and romantic can overpower people of extolled practical capacities, what can then be the true meaning of these adjectives—ignorant, foolish, romantic, and practical?

If I were not a mere Turk, but what you call an "intelligent foreigner," I should have apprehended also another shortcoming of the reputation you have. It is generally believed that, being the most practical, you are at the same time the least radical nation in the world—that everything has, in England, its due and long series of manifold gradations, and that English progress itself is so splendidly effected just because of the slowness of the ascent of the staircase of progress. Many continental Sovereigns, as well as statesmen and writers, when discontented by more impatient or choleric movements of their respective nations, constantly exhort them in the sense that they ought to copy you and to move on as slowly as possible. It may be that they are right as regards the process of progress in general, but I think that they are completely wrong in generalising your inclination for gradations. As far as I know, I must avow to never having seen a more radical nation in many respects, and more especially in respect of the quality of the moral as well as the material products you

give to the world. If a thing of yours is good it is surely so good as not to be found anywhere else ; but if it is not a perfection in the full sense of this word, it is sure to be so bad as not only to displease or disgust everybody, but to provoke your own disapprobation, which, as you know, is not very easily provoked concerning anything English. If you have a philosopher or a scientific man, he is sure to teach the whole world, and if by chance he does not lay the foundation of a new school, at least he substantially contributes to the existing stock of knowledge. But if he does not belong to very first-class men, one may be completely sure that he is a man whose works would not have found anywhere but in England either an audience or a publisher. In matters of poetry or the drama you have either immortal works or shamefully wasted paper. An engine or a pair of boots, a picture or a travelling-bag, a cotton tissue or a mutton chop—if they are good in England, are sure to be so good as to exceed all expectation of a continental man ; but if they are not a first-rate production, they are almost sure to display not only the greatest want of taste and skill in the producer, but a complete absence of all notions of probity. The same thing is in moral matters. An English virtue or an English merit, truly deserving such names, are certainly not often to be found in any other part of the world ; but an English vice, too, can find something kindred to itself in America only or in the English colonies.

This general tendency of your national character, which I consider as a very radical one, impresses itself

upon all the departments of life, and especially upon private and family intercourse. According to what I have heard (but unhappily not seen yet), your family life must present, in some instances, such attractions and enjoyments as are completely unknown to continental people, and of which I, as a Turk, cannot form even an idea. But, as a matter of course, such perfection cannot be common, and the opposite pole presents phenomena which seem to have deliberately resigned all kinds of attractiveness. If you take the trouble of an impartial analysis of the average family life going on around you, it is most likely that you will arrive at the same conclusion at which I have arrived—namely, that in a large majority of cases there is no family *life* at all in England, although there is an enormous number of coupled *existences* carried on under the same roofs, bearing the same names, producing a thoroughly inappropriate quantity of children, and seemingly pursuing the same interests as long as there is no possibility of pursuing different ones. To this tendency of pursuing different interests, as soon as it becomes in any way practicable, must be attributed a great deal of the overwhelming amount of business in different English law courts, as well as in detective, solicitors' and police offices, and positively the whole amount of activity displayed in the private inquiry offices and the second column of the *Times*—the last two modes of social proceeding being exclusively insular, and thoroughly unknown on the Continent.

These differentiation tendencies exhibit themselves not only in the relations of wives and husbands, and brothers

and sisters, but also in those of parents and children. And to this last circumstance must be chiefly attributed many of the most peculiar phenomena of your social life. I have no possibility of entering here into detailed consideration of this subject, but several arguments in support of such a point of view have been unconsciously exposed to me by Miss Lucy, and can advantageously be re-exposed to you on the present occasion. During the frequent walks, and the few *tête-à-tête* supper parties Miss Lucy has kindly favoured me with, I have always tried to ascertain what was the final aim of her gallant escapades, and what were the circumstances which made them practicable, for, as you may easily imagine, there could be neither the sanction of Miss Lucy's family for such things, nor serious intention on her part of getting a husband, as I am not quite fit for the *rôle* of husband to an English lady, in consequence of some of my matrimonial views. The answers she gave me were differently formulated at different times, but all of them can, as is pretty often the case in human things, be reduced to a few words: "Life is dull; I am bored and want some change;" as to the other question, the answer reduced itself to, "They neither know nor care much about what I am doing, as long as my doings are not disadvantageous to them." You must not think that I am some kind of virgin materialist trying to resolve everything to its ultimate element. Not at all. I only endeavour to condense long conversations which an English novelist would dissolve in an immeasurable quantity of literary water, season with suitable moral sentences, and present to you in the shape of

three vols., at the price of a guinea and a half; whereupon other litterateurs would most likely write in different newspapers and reviews an additional volume of more or less fine criticism. You know that the majority of novels are built upon a single phrase heard somewhere by a facile author. And I am sure that many of Miss Lucy's phrases could furnish a theme not only for a novel but for a good and useful book, if the author had paid due attention to them. I remember, for instance, asking her once what she generally does, and how she spends her time when neither shopping nor visiting. "I sing, I play," answered she; "sometimes I paint a little. Then I read, of course. What should I do? What everybody does. . . . When tired of all that, I cry."—"You cry?—why?" asked I, quite astonished by this unexpected avowal. "Because I like to cry. I sometimes feel so utterly miserable and dull. Crying always does me good in such moments." And the young girl averted her eyes, her hand mechanically caressing her seal-skin jacket, as if she had some special need to caress something. A moment later she jumped from the couch, rushed to the piano, and began playing "Home, sweet Home," passing abruptly to "Faust's" waltz, and to "J'aime les militaires."

I don't know why, but it seemed to me then that her "sweet home" will really lead her some day to a weakness for the military, with or without a previous journey through a region of more or less romantic waltzes. It is most likely that your patriotic feelings will not allow you to share my apprehensions in this respect. Yet, and at all events, I

beg you to consider these phrases of Miss Lucy. Is there not an ample theme for a whole book on your social life and education? Especially, too, when we keep in view the respective positions of the two persons concerned, the fact of their being in a private room of a restaurant, and all the consequent risks to which the poor girl exposed herself?

Another evening Miss Lucy was charmed with a French cup, whence she sipped her *café noir*, a most unpretentious cup, with some green tracery round the rim, a description of china you can have at Paris, as much as you like, à 6 fr. la douzaine. "I should wish never to use any other cup," said she, quite delighted; "it is so pretty, so nice!" Nothing could be easier than to gratify this wish of hers. The cup was paid for as being broken, and Miss Lucy, perhaps, enjoys it still. Yet, besides the trouble I foresaw of carrying so fragile an article in my pocket as far as her home, I was anxious to know how she would explain next morning the origin of this cup. I ventured a question on this subject, and Miss Lucy explained to me that she has her pocket-money, and that nobody can prevent her buying what she likes. The conversation went further on the same subject. "I have £3 a month," said Miss Lucy, "and do what I like with the money. The more things I have, the better is mamma pleased. Only, of course, I must not be better dressed than she. If I spend my money stupidly, the worse for me; she won't give me a farthing more. I must confess I always do spend my money stupidly. I am an awfully foolish girl; but I resolve to change from

next New Year's Day." I laughed at this resolution, and looked for some further explanation about Miss Lucy's saying that she might not be better dressed than her mother. "Mamma does not like it," said the young lady. "She says we are too grand nowadays. They have always quarrelled with my married sister about this, and that's why they don't visit now. My sister was always better dressed than mamma, although she spent much less money. My sister is very tasty, indeed."

I knew that Miss Lucy's mother was *au froid* with her eldest daughter, for the young lady often told me that it was only under the pretext of seeing her sister that she went out to meet me. But all this was of secondary interest to me, the chief interest having concentrated itself upon Miss Lucy's mother, and the particulars of her relations to her children. I therefore turned the conversation as frequently as I could this way, although Miss Lucy spoke unwillingly, obviously failing to perceive the kind of interest I could have in the matter. "But my mother is still a young lady," objected she once to some of my remarks. "She is only eight-and-thirty, and it is quite natural that she wants to live for herself. She says she has had no kind of pleasure in her life till now. She married at seventeen, and has only had bother with children since. Now we are grown up, and she wants to enjoy herself. I think she is quite right. Don't you think so?" "Yes, I do," answered I, resolved to write down the whole thing some day for the benefit of your deep moralists, who seem to think that their noble efforts must be chiefly directed against the appearance of For-

mosas and Traviatas on the stage on week days, or against the resounding of music on Sundays. At all events, I hoped to show to these gentlemen the difference existing between Turkish and English notions. Miss Lucy would probably be strongly condemned by an Englishman, yet I cannot help sympathising with her. An Englishman would probably say that Miss Lucy is a perverted and shameful girl. I must say that she is a very nice young lady, and that her defects are but natural products of the soil upon which she has grown up, and that English society and the English family are the only parties answerable for her faults. An English moralist extols both of them, and displays all his abilities to preserve the splendid stock of morality he thinks inherent in them ; while a Turkish tourist must avow that he sees nothing to be extolled, and very few things worthy of preservation, and that all the continental countries (his barbarian fatherland included) so strongly condemned by English moralists, have a great advantage over England—that of never extolling their virtues and never hiding their vices under respectable appearance, conventional propriety, and artificial language. Bad things are plainly bad there and plainly spoken of, and for this alone they are less dangerous and less intense than here. Nobody tries to deceive you there. Scarcely have you put your foot on the Continent before you see and hear everywhere that you are in no sanctuary, and you make up your mind accordingly. While a foreigner on landing in your country is assured that he has entered a land of saints, and it is only after a long experience that

he becomes able to see the real truth of his being in a colossal monastery, possessing all the hypocrisy, the vices, and the dulness of such institutions, without having a single one of the merits they may occasionally have. What is the practical use of your deceiving people so I don't know at all. Yet what I know is that it leads one to very melancholy thoughts about human things in general.

IV.

WHEN I first wrote these papers about Miss Lucy, I had some difficulty in getting them accepted; and when they were printed, I was attacked and censured both in the press and in the public. I began to be quite sorry that I had written them. Yet this is what I read a few months later:—

When Azamat-Batuk recited his adventures with a "Miss Lucy of Bayswater," it was generally felt that a state of things neither safe nor pleasant was revealed. If such personages as Miss Lucy exist—and we have reasons for believing they do—to what do they owe their *raison d'être*? How has it come about that in respectable society escapades, so exceedingly unlike all that is usually considered to be respectable, can be successfully carried on? . . . No doubt, fathers and mothers will be found rejoicing and giving thanks that their girls are not as other girls, in this; but Miss Lucy's parents were not aware of her little gallantries. . . . If we may credit the communications which, within the last six months, have been addressed to us, there are far too many London girls living, with wealthy and respectable parents

who act as Miss Lucy did, and many more who desire to do so, and who would gladly go about with a Turk, provided only that he did not wear a turban or a fez, and so make them conspicuous. They get tired of crying, and even of "stroking their sealskin jackets," and a chance acquaintance is easily made in Kensington Gardens, or at the opera, or in the parks. And those who throw out broad hints, or ask for presents, are, we are told, "stupid," but those who refrain from a direct request make a better impression and receive presents all the same.

I am afraid that these lines gave a hint of the existence of something worse than what I supposed.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

I.

I COULD hardly paint the imposing impression which is produced upon the mind of a foreigner when, arriving in London, he sees the enormous number of various kinds of institutions with an inscription on their walls in big letters, "Supported by voluntary contributions." I was more than astonished when I first saw these inscriptions. They seemed to me the best and the most eloquent proofs both of the natural benevolence and munificence of the nation amongst which I had the pleasure of finding myself. The very words "voluntary" and "contribution" seemed to me previously as rather unassociable; for the latter of these words conveyed to my Turkish mind the idea of an invitation to pay some military expenses, an invitation accompanied by the bayonet of a soldier, or by the stick of some other supporter of that magnificent human invention called the Crown. Therefore, the only instance of an association of the words "voluntary" and "contribution" which seemed possible to me, was in the sense of the wish a man might have to enjoy or to avoid the action of the bayonet or the

stick in connection with the payment of the required contribution. Now, in this respect, as in many others, my notion about the meaning of words as well as things has changed since my being in England. And the question of public charity having always interested me very much, I tried to gather all the explanations I could find about the differences existing in the amount of benevolence displayed on the Continent and in England. And, as you may easily imagine, different sources gave me different information. Some individuals of a rather sceptical turn of mind, say that the great amount of benevolence displayed in England, as well as the comparatively greater success of all kinds of subscriptions in your country, must be attributed chiefly to the unequal distribution of property in England as compared with the Continent. They say that the one part of society has here too much, while the other has nothing at all; and that those having too much are ready to give away a little of what they don't want, partly in consequence of a desire for popularity, and chiefly with a view to prevent the poor from falling into despair and seizing all the possessions of the rich. I don't like this gloomy kind of interpretation, nor the general views of this kind of gentlemen. They are constantly predicting the coming of great social disturbances in connection with a thorough redistribution of property, which, I should think, will not be pleasant at all, and about which, therefore, I don't see the necessity of people troubling themselves beforehand. Consequently I have never paid great attention to such prophecies of Continental writers and orators. As to the

more special question of English charity, I always expected to have far more sensible data from Englishmen themselves. And I see I was quite right in my expectation. All the English books and articles I have read on this subject clearly prove to me that the whole amount of money spent in charitable purposes in all countries must be exclusively assigned to the natural inclination of mankind towards benevolence; and that the comparatively larger amount of money spent in such purposes by the British nation is naturally to be assigned to a greater development in it of the above inclination. This was explained to me not only by the books I have in my possession, but by a friend of mine, too—a very nice and clever English gentleman, who has kindly spent a good deal of time in discussing with me this subject. And although he was rather inclined to a psychological treatment of the subject, while I was not so much interested in the question *why* people gave the money as in the question *how* this money is given, collected, and invested, I still found myself able to obtain from him much valuable information. I thought, for instance, that, “supported by voluntary contributions” being written on the walls of any institution, and the donation-boxes externally exposed, the passers-by fill it up according to their means and wishes to support this institution. Yet my friend explained to me that the process of collecting the money is quite different; that the donation-boxes bring next to nothing; that the majority of the most capital institutions of this kind had large funds given to them in land or money long ago by some

individual benefactors; and that the current additions to these funds are made chiefly by way of legacy or by subscriptions, in promoting and collecting which the governors of such institutions spend nearly all their time. He told me, moreover, that these governors would have far less chance of collecting the necessary money if they were unable to satisfy the vanity of the donors by constantly paying them compliments, printing their names, and very often exposing their likenesses or busts within the walls of the institution.

This information seemed to me not quite in accordance with the statement both of my books and my friend concerning the natural inclination of mankind towards benevolence; but still I was very much pleased by what I thus learned.

"Yet you must not think I wish to assure you," said he, when excited by the conversation, "that all such institutions of ours are of very great utility. You may meet, for instance, a home for errant dogs, or an alms-house for old cats, while we have plenty of men starving in the streets. More than that, the institutions in which you seem to have the greatest interest—the hospitals—are not always such as they may appear to a foreigner. Besides being very often based upon human vanity, they are frequently a matter of pure speculation. I could cite to you many instances of small hospitals founded with the single purpose of making a living for one or two medical men. You may easily see them created in this way. A surgeon, not very successful in his practice, feels the need at forty years of age to get settled. He finds out some-

where what we call a middle-aged widow, and what you would call an old widow, with some money, marries her, leases a suitable house, buys all the furniture necessary for an infirmary, and immediately raises a subscription which, if he has amongst his acquaintances a few clergymen, and his wife one or two well-to-do ladies, is sure to succeed. And in a few years you see a solid hospital erected, of which our man becomes the governor, the chief surgeon, and everything else, for the consideration of a free living and several hundreds a year, which is a very good interest on the capital invested. Of course such an undertaking wants skill, and many medical adventurers have failed in such enterprises; but many, too, have been successful.

I found that this was another contradiction to what my friend said about the benevolent inclinations of mankind; but I again passed it over for the consideration of the positive information I thus elicited. I could not help, however, remarking to my friend that charitable dispositions, not only in England, but in the whole of Europe, have, according to my opinion, a somewhat strange tendency to offer relief in such a way as to make it disagreeable and humiliating, and to give even this kind of relief only to such persons who are no more able to derive a real benefit from it. I said that I see everywhere institutions for cripples, for idiots, for incurables,—that in England I hear of the existence of institutions for old cats and dogs; but that a sound man placed by circumstances, often quite beyond his control,

in a more or less long temporary distress, has no other source of relief than the workhouse of his parish, which can only prolong life, yet certainly not give either help or encouragement to any man. I suggested to my friend that our Eastern notions about this matter, although far more barbarous in their nature, seem to be in certain respects more practical and sensible. We do not care much about helping people to whom no help can be of any real use for the future, but we do all we can to help temporary distress and suffering, not only in the way of prolonging life but in the way of encouraging it, too. We think that while a permanent support of a man placed in circumstances of the former kind is always but an unnecessary prolongation of his sufferings, circumstances of the latter kind are always removable, not only with real benefit to the individual, but with practical advantage to society. And when we see that a man puts an end to his life in a moment of complete despair consequent on some physical or moral affliction, we think of him rather with mercy than with censure, and would certainly never interpret such an action as a criminal one. We start from the point of view that heavy circumstances of life easily provoke criminal propensities, and that in some extreme cases it is better for society, and the individual too, that he should put an end to such circumstances, than that he should allow full play to the vicious disposition resulting from them. We think, moreover, that life is the dearest thing a man has; and that, if he takes the resolution of parting with it, it must be supposed

that the motive of his action was either insanity or thoroughly unbearable moral suffering, both of which we consider as deserving only pity or compassion, not censure or punishment.

You will the more easily imagine all the objections my friend presented to these incautious utterances of mine, as his views are shared by the great majority of English people. "Have you not read the other day in the newspapers," said he to me, concluding his long series of arguments, "the case of a man named Henry Hall, who, with a view to be executed, accused himself of having committed a murder; and, being discharged, attempted to commit suicide? He said that he was tired of his life, and wished to be out of it, as there was nothing but trouble in it, and he could do no good. Well, what was the answer of the magistrate? The answer was that Hall had no right to take his own life; he was sent into this world to labour and to bear—that was his mission, and he had no right to attempt to take his life before his mission was accomplished. And the magistrate was quite right."

Now, as I could neither perceive the mission of this poor man named Henry Hall, nor form myself any precise idea when this mission could be fulfilled, and as, on the other hand, I saw that my friend was inclined to slip down in his discussion from the point of view of benevolence to the point of view of law, I thought it better to finish the discussion altogether, and asked him only for practical advice how to visit some of the institutions I should like to see. "Oh, if you like to see only

the arrangements of any public institutions of ours," answered he, "it is very easy; you have only to address yourself to the governor; a foreigner will hardly meet a refusal. But if you like to know how these arrangements actually work, there is no other means than to enter the institutions, not as a visitor, but as a patient or an inmate. In the case of hospitals it is very simple if you have any kind of illness; in the case of other institutions it is also not difficult, but it wants more courage and interest for the matter than I presume you can have."

Until I should have more leisure for the study of other institutions, I resolved to follow the advice of my friend concerning hospitals every time a somewhat plausible pretext for visiting them should present itself.

II.

BUT it is well known that if you want anything you never find it quick enough, and that things which you do not want are always handy. So was it with me too when, intending to make an acquaintance with your hospitals, I sought for some infirmities in my body which would give me a plausible reason for visiting this kind of institution, so as not only to see their external arrangements, but to investigate also their actual working. Some time ago, rheumatism, nervous debility, toothache, and all that sort of thing, constantly visited me, with the obvious

intention of showing that I am living in a civilised world and beginning to civilise myself. Yet now, when I wanted them, they have disappeared ; and I felt myself dreadfully strong in all possible respects, with the single exception of my ocular apparatus, which was considerably damaged through reading English newspapers during the last debates about the Church question. I was highly pleased at discovering at least this infirmity (I mean in the ocular apparatus, not in the newspapers) and immediately proceeded to one of your eye hospitals.

My first call there was unsuccessful, as it was made in the afternoon. From a bill on the door I saw that I must come next morning between eight and ten o'clock. Although the hospital was very far from my residence, and the weather very bad, I resolved to be punctual, and found myself at about half-past eight in a kind of waiting-room amongst forty or fifty persons sitting on long benches, on one of which I was placed by a man in a frock-coat with copper buttons—a kind of superintendent of peace and order, I suppose. People sat very quietly, hardly exchanging a few words with each other, many of them being old, wearing bandages or shades over their eyes, and the majority of them of very poor appearance. In short, the whole assembly presented one of those melancholy sights which you may easily imagine without my description. The big and stout superintendent of peace and order constantly moving between the benches, making his remarks loudly and giving his answers harshly, seemed to be the single representative of life in this

assembly, just as his copper buttons were the single representatives of brilliancy in the half-darkened waiting-room. Notwithstanding this mournfulness of the company, however, the man with copper buttons found constant cause for remonstrating with his flock. If anybody, being tired of sitting, rose from his bench, he ordered him to sit down; if a child would not remain quiet he must needs lecture him; if an old man with a bad cough spat on the floor, he must remind him that it was not allowed, and that he should use his handkerchief; and when the old man quietly answered him that he had no handkerchief, and that the floor could not be very clean, since all these people came from the wet street, the superintendent of peace and order declared that he would put him outside if he talked too much or spat any more. From time to time the door in the next room is opened, and some of the people are despatched there in order of their arrival, along with a few exceptional persons who, though arriving later, seemed to enjoy the favour of the man with copper buttons, and occupied a separate bench. At about eleven o'clock my turn came, and that of my two neighbours—a monstrosly tall woman with scrofulous eyelids, and an old-repairing tailor who was initiating me for more than two hours in the details of his profession, and expressing his disappointment at the weakness of his eyes making him unable to sew. "And I don't know why it is so; it is only since about eighteen months," said the good man. "Formerly my eyes served me so well." The scrofulous woman, too, interfered from time to time with us in saying she was

sure that there was nothing particular with her eyes, for she saw very well, and experienced only an itching, but as she was going to Canada she wanted to make herself all right before starting.

In the next room, where we were then introduced, I saw three or four gentlemen sitting at little desks, each surrounded by several other gentlemen. According to my supposition they must have been chief surgeons and assistants respectively. The gentleman to whom I was directed by the superintendent of peace and order inquired what was the matter with me? I explained that I could not read more than half an hour at a time, that I had often rainbow colours before my eyes, and so on—all the symptoms I had noticed. The gentleman looked at my eyes, and delivered me to another one, who was to examine my capacity of spelling big and small letters on placards placed at different distances. This investigation over, I was again handed to the first gentleman, who then spoke with the second and with two others, one of whom was obviously of German extraction, as he had great difficulty in making himself intelligible. The consultation being finished, I had a drop of some liquid put in my right eye with a small paint-brush, and received an order to sit down till called for. At half-past eleven, however, all the gentlemen vanished, and seeing that they did not return for a while, I ventured to ask the man with copper buttons if I had still to sit there. He said, "Yes; the gentlemen are taking their lunch." I understood very well that it was rather hard to work from eight in the morning

without having something to eat, but could not perceive why they all went together and why we were left there sitting uselessly, and quite as hungry as they. Meanwhile I began to feel the action of the drop put inside my eye. My right pupil was obviously getting dilated; and if I began to see things wrong I began at the same time to understand them right, at least as far as the lunch was concerned; for it grew clear to me that the gentlemen intentionally left me together with a few other patients till our pupils were properly dilated that a further investigation might be proceeded with.

At about half-past twelve, all who were thus waiting the end of the lunch as well as of the process of the dilation of their pupils had been taken one by one into a dark room, where several gentlemen looked inside the eyes of each of us, and then talked again between themselves, although, as far as I could perceive, no longer so exclusively about ophthalmic questions. This inquiry into the inside of my eyes being finished, I received a prescription, for the realisation of which I had again to wait about half an hour, as the necessary man was also gone to lunch. Finally, at about two o'clock, I received a bottle of some liquid bearing on the label the word "Poison," and thus for six hours' patience, and 2*d.* which I had to pay for the bottle, I enjoyed the attendance most likely of very eminent medical men, and a thorough acquaintance with the functions of one of the English benevolent institutions.

I must say I was quite satisfied with my experience,

and but for the superintendent of peace and order (to whom the maxim of *pas trop de zèle* might be advantageously inculcated), the dilated pupil, which perverted my receiving ocular impressions for several days, and a trifling calculation I made afterwards, I should be highly delighted both with the arrangements and the functions of the said institution. So great, indeed, was the perversion of my receiving ocular impressions that when I took the Underground Railway and read two placards opposite me in the carriage, it seemed that on the one was written, "Epps's Cocoa, a high class Liberal," and on the other, "*Daily News*, invigorating and grateful;" which placards, as you probably know, are calculated to give to normal eyes quite different impressions. Now, as to the little calculation which troubled my satisfaction, it consisted in this. Suppose I was a working man earning $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ an hour. The six hours spent in the hospital would have cost me $3s. 9d.$, which, added to an outlay of $2d.$ for the bottle and at least $4d.$ for the railway ticket, would make $4s. 3d.$ Yet, inasmuch as I know very good surgeons give their advice to poor people, medicine included, for $2s. 6d.$ or $3s.$, it follows that the benevolence of his fellow-beings would, in this case, cost a working man from $1s. 3d.$ to $1s. 9d.$ extra expenses for no other palpable advantage than that of being shut up for six hours under the moral superintendence of a man with copper buttons. • It is true that the collective character of medical attendance in a hospital may have great advantages in certain cases, but as a rule these advantages are fairly balanced by the impossibility the

surgeons of a hospital are placed under of attending a crowd of people as attentively as a single medical man, anxious to increase his practice, will attend his individual patients. To whom, then (of course besides children and women who have no work, and can leave home for half a day), is such an institution of real and undoubted benefit? Only to incurables, to old men out of work, to whom neither the time they lose, nor the relief they receive from good medical attendance can be any longer of great practical importance. You see, then, that I was not very wrong in saying that English benefactors exert their benevolence in a direction which is very charitable, indeed, yet which very seldom bears in view the real advantage of the working classes of society, and therefore of society itself.

III.

ANOTHER, and I think a still more forcible proof that help is chiefly given in this country to people whose career is finished, and to whom a permanent relief is often only an unnecessary prolongation of sufferings, while there is very little thought about helping or encouraging young and strong people in temporary distress,—is clearly shown by the arrangements of the English workhouses. I have seen many of them, and will take here the best I have seen, the Marylebone Workhouse. Without wishing to make compliments to

Englishmen (as I presume that people who know their real merits don't want them at all), I must say that at present not a single country in Europe can offer anything similar amongst the same kind of institutions, either as regards the scale or the details of all the arrangements, with the exception of the casual ward, which is obviously and deliberately calculated to be as repulsive as possible to its inmates. Well, on what principle is this capital establishment arranged? Again on the principle of chiefly helping such people as are in an altogether hopeless state. On my simple wish to see the workhouse, one of its officials received me in the most courteous manner, and showed every corner of the establishment, and each step I made there was a new proof in favour of what I assert here.

In the first place, here, as in all English workhouses, a man not completely disabled has no access at all to it. The supposition of his being thoroughly unable to find work, his stomach being empty, his brain being exhausted, his nervous system brought into a worse and more humiliating state than madness itself—all this is not taken into consideration. He must go to the casual ward and begin to-morrow the same street life, after having passed the darkest imaginable night, received his piece of bread, and picked his share of oakum. He is considered capable; and the workhouse is for incapables only. And who are the incapables? Children, who would, perhaps, have never been there had their parents been helped; further, insane, incurable, and old people

—some of them so old and weak that they obviously did not notice us when we passed by or when the official gentleman, who was with me, stopped sometimes to ask how they felt. And out of the 900 women and 500 men I saw there, how many would be there if they were helped at the right time, at a time when they wanted practical, not charitable help?

Look, on the other hand, how they are accommodated. The workhouse consists of two parts—the new building and the old one, the first being in all senses perfect, the second considerably less comfortable, not nearly so well ventilated, and in all respects behind the first. Well, the whole of the new building, consisting of bright, spacious, splendidly ventilated halls, is given to old women in the most hopeless condition. Men in the same condition occupy the best part of the old building. And where are the insane, who *may* be brought back to reason, and children who *must* be brought up to life? The insane are in the first floor of the old building, in low, insufficiently ventilated wards—so low that it seemed to me it must unavoidably affect their brain, and so insufficiently ventilated that I thought I plainly noticed that specific odour which seems invariably to accompany insanity. The gentleman who showed me the establishment said, on my remark upon this point, that they cannot give the insane a better place on account of the little gardens attached to each of the wards. But I can hardly think that the few hours, during which the gardens can be used, compensate for the many hours during which the

defects of the rooms are acting on the already diseased brains.

Where, again, are the children? In two comparatively very small rooms on the top of the house, lying on beds, with the tubes of their feeding-bottles in their mouths or playing in their nursing-chairs, while it is summer time, and they would have far more benefit from being in the court-yard and rolling their scrofulous limbs in clean sand warmed by the sun. On my remarking this I heard that children constantly wanted something, and it was impossible to run for each of them to the top of the house, an objection which would evidently have failed of itself if they were in a more suitable part of the house.

Thus the very fundamental idea on which the best of your charitable institutions are planned prevents them doing the good they might do. The benefit which the poor themselves, as well as society, derive from them is in no proportion whatever to the considerable amount of money, as well as other efforts, spent by the country. And here, as in many other respects, I have always seen the same thing at the bottom, viz., that help is given to those who don't want it or can make no use of it, and that it is obstinately refused to those who need it, beg for it, can benefit by it, and, when helped themselves, help others. Yet this is a point about which it is very difficult to speak in England, for these kinds of subjects are considered here chiefly from the point of view of narrowly understood religious notions, and of traditional reverence for age, while I should be strongly

inclined to consider them chiefly from the point of view of preservation of forces.

IV.

WITH regard to the working of all sorts of Benevolent Institutions there is also another awkward point. The bulk of people in need of various kinds of help, can be broadly divided into two categories: those who can ask for help themselves, and those who are in such a state as to deprive them of all possibility of addressing themselves to the place where help can be received. Naturally enough, the first category does not always inspire that amount of sympathy which the second would, for in a hospital, for instance, a man coming himself to ask for medical attendance, can seldom expect to command the same share of attention and care as a man brought there in a senseless state. Now, to be brought properly and quickly to a place where the most proper help can be given when one falls into this kind of state, is in the great majority of cases a question of chance. It is understood that the police is that body upon which devolves the duty of assisting helpless persons; but members of this force can seldom be expected to possess the necessary qualifications for the due performance of such a task. An ignorant country lad, or a soldier, when put under the Japanese helmet of an English policeman, is expected to become at once a sharp detective and a kind-hearted nurse; a merci-

less prosecutor of wrongs, and a valiant defender of rights; a fearless athlete ready to struggle with a dozen garotters, and a delicate chevalier helping a nervous lady to cross a crowded thoroughfare. And it is only natural that he should perform but very imperfectly the various duties thus imposed upon him. He is not unwilling to do the best he can, but he often does not know at all what he has to do, for the same fact appears to him very differently according to the variety of the points of view from which he has to consider it. A man lying on the street, for instance, in a senseless state, evokes within him very different thoughts and resolutions, when he looks at him from the point of view of a sharp detective, or from that of a kind-hearted nurse—from that of a defender of rights, or from that of a prosecutor of wrongs. A considerable amount of bewilderment is produced within his head, and he is finally compelled to take the matter merely as a question of preservation of peace and order, and, therefore, immediately to carry the man to the police station, as a disturber, if not of peace, at least of order. The general public in this country almost never interferes in such cases, and would very seldom assist a policeman, either actively or even passively, by some suggestions as to the proper course to be taken. A broken carriage or a smashed shop window is always sure to attract the attention of a crowd of people, but the sight of a human calamity is too shocking for one, and too little interesting for another, and all pass it by. Being more interested than Englishmen are in knowing how

English policemen perform their difficult tasks, I always stopped when I saw a policeman had a duty of a complicated or delicate nature to perform, and sometimes, I had thus occasion to see the working of some of the Benevolent Institutions, to which otherwise I should be able only to pay a superficial visit. The following adventure gave me one occasion more of this kind, and proved to me once more that everything indispensable for the relief of suffering is provided in this country as amply as could be wished, and that the only thing wanted is some pressure to make these things work properly.

V.

WALKING through Park Lane about midnight, I saw once a woman lying on the steps of a large mansion. She was attended by two policemen inquiring what was the matter with her. A number of men passed by, some of them stopping and some paying no attention at all. The woman articulated that a cab had knocked her down and gone over her leg in Oxford Street, but how she came to Park Lane she could not explain. The policemen, seeing no blood, concluded that she was drunk, and were about carrying her to the station, when I allowed myself to interfere, with a view of seeing whether she smelled of drink, which she did not. One of the policemen suggested then that he would be very glad of "the gentleman taking her home if he could make out where she

lived; and if he would be willing to pay the cab," as they could not move her at all without previously fetching a stretcher. But as I succeeded in only drawing from the woman that she was living at Maida Hill, that she had no friends, no relatives, and even no other lodgers in the house, the policemen agreed, after some deliberation, that it was no use to convey her home, and that a hospital was preferable. From the desultory speech of the woman I had great suspicion that she was insane.

A cab being taken, one of the policemen, the woman, and I drove to St. G.'s Hospital. The woman could neither stand nor would she allow her feet to be touched, and scarcely was she in the four-wheeler before she began to cry and start convulsively, falling at last to the bottom of the cab. "I think it's all put up," said the policeman to me; "that kind of woman does it often to take us away from the spot, and while we are carrying them off some robbery is going on in the place."

The conclusions arrived at in the hospital were not more favourable to the woman. The surgeon who attended to her and bandaged her foot said that there was nothing the matter with her, and that she must be carried away. On my inquiring where then was she to be carried, he said where the policeman thought proper, either to the workhouse or to the station. As for himself he considered it all "humbug." The impression which the hospital produced within me on our arrival was not conformable with this result. Without speaking of the capital arrangements of the building, the thoroughly

fresh air, and the remarkably clean and alert nurses, the very manner in which we were received was quite satisfactory, so that the severest critic might have found only some objection to the excess of energy displayed by the night-porter when attending the carrying of a patient. Another point—and this is only one of comparison, not of criticism—is that, as a rule, a Continental surgeon on duty is never allowed to undress himself and go to bed, as appears to be the custom in England. Though I must say in this case the surgeon came quicker than I should ever be able to do if suddenly roused during the night, I still fear that such a practice may occasionally render a medical man utterly unable timely to attend a case of strong poisoning, for instance.

On leaving the hospital the policeman was about to deposit the woman once more on the steps and to go for a stretcher, “unless,” added he again, “the gentleman would like to pay the cab.” As I wished to know how the whole matter would finish, we put the woman into a cab, and went to the Westminster Union. This was the most curious part of my excursion. Neither the cabman nor the policeman had any precise idea where the work-house and its entrance was, and we were for at least half an hour in search of them, much as if of a needle, throughout the neighbourhood of Poland and Broad Streets. Having finally found what we wanted, we learned that we had come to the wrong place. The porters said that as the case happened in Park Lane we ought to go to Mount Street, this being another parish. The policeman objected that he did not want to know

anything about the parish, that it was the C division, and that he belonged to the C division. To which the porter objected that the C division did not prove anything, there being three parishes—St. Martin's, St. George's, and St. James's—in the C division. The matter was soon settled, however, by my suggesting to the porter that he had better ask the master, who immediately ordered the woman to be admitted.

If I were to form an idea of all the workhouses by this one, I should say that nothing more patriarchal and kind could be met with. Scarcely had we entered, when a night-nurse was in attendance, spoke to the woman, got out of her that her address was not at Maida Hill, but in Hethpool Street, Paddington, and that her name was Miss W——, and when I called the next day I found the patient attended with all the care possible in a casual ward. The surgeon of the workhouse stated—in obvious disagreement with the hospital diagnosis—that she was paralysed in the right arm and the left leg, and, in making the bandage of the leg, showed me fresh bruises, obviously testifying that she had met with an accident. The woman, who was now restored to her senses, explained that the cab did not run over her, but only knocked her down, and that the horse kicked her. She said also that the confusion she made about her address was in consequence of the numbers of the houses and the name of the place having been recently changed. When on the next day I found out her residence, I learned that she had a young sister, who characterised their social position by saying, "We do

needlework when we can get it." (The eldest Sister does it with the left hand, the right being paralysed.)

By speaking of the patriarchy of the Westminster Union, I mean to speak not only of the officials, but of the inmates too. For when I and the policeman carried the woman into the casual ward—the porter being unable to do this, possessing only one hand—we heard many female voices crying "Turn the gas." I presumed that the women, being in bed, wanted the gas to be turned down, but it appeared that they wanted it up, with a view to see what was going on. And the next day, when I visited Miss W——, I was received quite like an old acquaintance by a few women and children who still remained in the ward. I learned also that my friend the policeman had called, as he told me he would do. When we parted with him about four o'clock in the morning, he, notwithstanding quite a good-natured behaviour throughout the night, was still under the sceptical impression that all this was "put up," and that he would have to charge her. He carefully took the number and name of the cabman, and also greatly wished to have my name; but as he proved totally incapable of pronouncing it, I advised him to ask for the Turkish gentleman at the newspaper office in Northumberland Street, in case he wanted anything.

A characteristic feature of the case is, perhaps, that the "putting up" and "humbugging" Miss W—— positively implored, on the next morning, both the surgeon and me to insist that the master of the workhouse should let her go home, which was altogether impossible, not

only on account of her state, but of her complete destitution. To this would have unavoidably been added great annoyance from the lodgers, who were already assembled when I was there, and were, as the sister said, "making a great fuss about it." And from what she told me it would appear that Miss W—— has her "fits," chiefly under the influence of this kind of "fuss."

When on my way home on the afternoon visit to Westminster Union, I passed St. James's Hall. A concert was just over, and some violin celebrity was about getting into a cab. The most delicate carefulness with which his instrument was conveyed into the vehicle reminded me of the manner in which we carried, on the previous night, the poor woman. Some melancholy comparisons were about suggesting themselves. But I quickly got rid of them by the very plausible thought that the difference in carrying these two objects is, after all, very natural, as the one gives pleasure to men, while the other gives them trouble. But at the same time I could not help thinking that this natural difference could be considerably smoothed.

Out of the numerous Continental writers who have undertaken the vain task of characterizing England in a single sentence, one, keeping in view chiefly moral matters and ideas, said that England was an oyster shell, a very "big and respectable one, but still a shell, in which one could feel oneself comfortable only under the condition of being an oyster ; while another writer, keeping in view chiefly the civil institutions of

this country, said that England was the heaviest and clumsiest engine ever invented, but which, with constant oiling, would work better than all the light and elegant engines invented in other countries. If many Englishmen would not easily agree with the first definition, the majority of them are likely to agree with the second. They know that their engine wants oiling, and consequent on this, every trifling defect which they notice they immediately communicate to the *Times*, or, in case of an occasional stoppage, almost as quickly organize a subscription in which one may meet a thousand-pound as easily as a five-pound note. But this word "oiling" they understand in a too exclusively monetary sense, while it very often reduces itself simply to a little attention. If Englishmen witnessing an accident would more often remember the old saying of Abbé Galiani, that what distinguishes man from other animals is that he is the only animal who has the faculty of mixing himself up with matters which do not concern him, Benevolent Institutions of England would confer upon people quite a different amount of benefit from that they are conferring now.

VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING my having used the most moderate and polite terms when I took the liberty of expressing the opinion that the English practice of medical men undressing themselves and going to bed when they are

on duty in a public hospital is not a very right one, it has displeased some members of this profession, for a few days later I saw a medical paper expressing the supposition that I must have nothing to do if I busied myself with such subjects, and treating the suggestion of medical men not going to bed at night as an absurdity.

I was, therefore, anxious to give those gentlemen some further explanation on this subject, especially as since then I had a few more occasions for experiencing the degree of promptness and kindness with which an average doctor is able to attend a patient under such sleeping circumstances. On one of them, I saw a medical man positively disposed to swallow me for having disturbed him. On another, which happened not at a hospital but at the surgeon's residence, I had to ring and knock for a considerable time, and to trumpet just as long through a speaking-tube conducted from the entrance-door to the very bed of the learned man. The tone in which he asked me who I was, who was ill, what was the matter with them, how far he had to go, and whether there was a cab ready, clearly proved to me that I had only to bless Allah for having provided a speaking-tube and allowed me to address the doctor at a considerable distance.

But such facts, uncomfortable as they may seem, cannot be considered unnatural. A man, after a day of more or less hard work, for the due performance of which he may have occasionally recurred to more or less ample doses of such stimulants as port, ale, stout, and brandy cold as well as brandy warm, must have a

sleep. And what is desirable is only that there should be some kind of institution where one might call at night, being sure to find a medical man ready to serve in case of necessity, and who has neither worked in the daytime nor has been induced to stimulate himself. People, who are in a position to keep a private surgeon, have to look themselves for the due attendance of such a man when he is called for, with the aid of a speaking-tube or without it. But people, who have no surgeon of their own, should have a medical station or a hospital to call at at night, as they have on the Continent. Now in England police stations have no medical men attached to them, as they ought to have ; while the hospitals have several surgeons at certain times of the day, and are afterwards left to the care of what is called the house surgeon. And this is the very weak point of the system. The house surgeon has plenty of work to do during the daytime, if he properly attends to all the cases presenting themselves, and he naturally must have some rest at night. To compensate for this, a system almost the reverse of that adopted in England is most commendable. While the house surgeon in this country is usually a young man, supposed to be making his way in the world, and therefore often bound to work harder than a man can ; he is on the Continent generally a man of old standing, who is only called upon in the most serious cases. His duties are to superintend the work which is done by several young men attached to the hospital in the capacity of assistants. Each of them has a ward into which, besides the house surgeon, special

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authorities are called occasionally for consultation ; these wards, as a rule, remain under the care of such young men, all of whom are also bound to be on duty twice out of three times a week, in the daytime as well as at night, for twelve hours, during which their vigilance is expected to be almost that of a sentry, both for the indoor patients and for those who may be brought in. The ward usually does not occupy the young doctor more than a couple of hours a day, when he comes to visit it and make all the prescriptions which his comrade on duty has to dispense.

A German medical man, for instance, would hardly have had a single private patient before he has passed through such a school in some well-known hospital, and many of them serve for several years for almost no remuneration, with the single purpose of obtaining the indispensable experience and references.

True that I saw many young medical men in England present at the hospitals during the hours of attendance of the out-door patients, but all of them seemed to play something like the part of consultants, for which one would presume they are hardly fit. Yet supposing them to be (what they really are) students only, this system can still not be considered as answering well, for they do not act under such arrangements independently enough, but merely look on at what the chief doctor is doing. Being attached to a ward the young doctor goes through a great number of a certain kind of cases which he follows from beginning to end, and at the same time, staying twice or three times a week on duty,

where he has to attend the most varied cases, he acquires, after a few years' experience in such a hospital, an amount of independence of views and knowledge which can hardly ever be attained under the English system. On the other hand, a surgeon on duty being constantly present in the wards, there would be much less occasion for the hospital attendants breaking the ribs of patients, as seems to be the practice in some of the Benevolent Institutions in England, or otherwise kindly despatching them.

With reference to this last point, and as I do not wish that professional men should again be displeased, or have the opportunity of saying that I speak without adducing proofs, I have taken the liberty of borrowing some rather interesting data from a newspaper—data given not by a Turk, but obviously by an Englishman, and, it seems, a well-informed one, too.

Here is an extract of his article:—

A LIST OF DEATHS FROM FRACTURED RIBS AMONG PAUPER LUNATICS.—The other day we gave particulars of the two cases of death from broken ribs in Hanwell and Carmarthen Asylums, so far as the Commissioners in Lunacy had been able to ascertain them. The results are of the most unsatisfactory kind; and the prospects of lunatics in general, and of pauper lunatics in particular, are as gloomy as ever. The commission of the offence has been proved, but it has not been traced to any one in particular. It becomes now a very serious question how many lunatics are to be killed in this way before some decisive measure is taken to prevent such atrocious cruelty. Already the bill of mortality is pretty high, and it seems worth considering, whether these helpless creatures do not at least deserve as

much protection as the criminals in our prisons receive as a matter of course. We do not pretend that the following list contains *all* the deaths that have occurred from crushed ribs, because it is clear from the various reports of the Commissioners (18th report, p. 101, and others) that patients have died suddenly, their bodies bearing the marks of bruises, and that no post-mortem examination has been made nor any inquest held at all. But we give these as being distinctly authenticated cases, into which inquiry was made before the coroner :—

Peckham House, Peckham.—A male lunatic named Barnes had a struggle with his keeper, and was thrown down on the floor by the latter, and his arm was broken. He died eight days afterward, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that four ribs were fractured.

Colney Hatch Asylum.—A lunatic named Swift was kicked, maltreated, and dragged about by a keeper. He died two days afterwards. His liver was ruptured, and eight ribs and the breast-bone were broken.

Salford Workhouse.—In the lunatic ward, a patient, J.M., had a struggle with two attendants, and died two days afterwards. Eight ribs were broken on the left side, six in more than one place. On the right side eight ribs were fractured at one point, all in a continuous line.

Lancashire County Asylum.—An imbecile male patient 23 years old, sickly and undersized, had a violent struggle with his attendant, who flung him on the floor. The poor fellow died in a few minutes, and a rib was found on examination to have been broken directly over the heart. Another attendant was present, but gave no help.

Lancaster County Asylum.—A patient named William Wilson, in the same place, died suddenly. The body was examined, and it was found that twelve ribs were broken, three of them in two places.

Prestwich Asylum.—A patient, T.R., died of general paralysis, accelerated by pleurisy and pneumonia—the last

was caused by two broken ribs. The fact was only discovered by examination after death.

Wakefield Asylum.—A patient died, according to the jury and medical evidence, from natural causes. Examination showed that two ribs were fractured on each side. At the inquest it was suggested that they had been broken *after* death, but, as the Commissioners observed, "the facts disclosed were such as to account for them in a far more probable way."

Carmarthen Asylum.—A patient died eight days after admission. Verdict, "Pleurisy, caused by fractured ribs." In fact, eight of his ribs were found to be broken. The assistant-surgeon observed that "similar cases had occurred before, and had been unaccounted for, except by the evidence of the attendants."

Hanwell Asylum.—A patient named Matthias Geoghegan, paralysed and imbecile, died rather suddenly, the medical officer "thought from pleuro-pneumonia." Some bricklayers and labourers saw his keeper beat the deceased on the back with a fire-shovel; he then threw him on the floor, and walked backward and forward on his body, dragged him into the corridor, knocked his head several times on the stone floor, and kicked him in the belly. The assistant medical officer observed numerous severe bruises on the body. The verdict of the jury on the inquest was, "Deceased died after receiving certain injuries from external violence, but whether the death was occasioned by natural causes or by such violence there is not sufficient evidence to show."

Hanwell.—A female lunatic, E.S., died of "inflammation of the lungs and pleura, consequent on fractured ribs and breast-bone, but how those injuries were inflicted there was not sufficient evidence to show." Six ribs were found to be broken, but the nurses who undressed her every night either did not perceive any marks of ill-treatment or did not report them.

Hanwell.—Another woman, M. H., died of the same com-

plaint. She was admitted May 11, was examined, and was then free from all injuries ; died on the 26th, seven ribs and breast-bone broken.

Hanwell.—M. Santi Nistri died ten days after admission, with eight ribs and breast-bone broken.

Hanwell.—A male lunatic died of the same disease. There were four broken ribs, congestion of the lungs, and various bruises on different parts of the body. The medical evidence went to show that epilepsy was the cause of death, and the jury found their verdict accordingly.

Here we have a list of thirteen well-authenticated instances. It would appear that the sufferers have invariably been pauper patients. Hanwell Asylum has obtained an exceptional notoriety in this matter, and, severe as the remarks of the Commissioners are, they might be made much more so with advantage. Hints, representations, suggestions, inferences, suspicions, expressed in language studiously calm and guarded, have no sort of effect on the authorities of the place. It is impossible to read the newspaper and Commissioners' reports in these cases without coming to the conclusion that the evidence of the witnesses, doctors, attendants, patients, indeed all concerned, was so unsatisfactory as to be worthless, while the attitude of the visitors is as contumacious and stubbornly shameless as that of the ex-guardians of St. Pancras. The books are so ill kept as to be useless ; the medical staff is insufficient. The visitors have, indeed, since the last death, advertised for an assistant medical officer for the female side, but considering that the Commissioners "once more urge them to place *two qualified officers in each division*," this seems to be a very inadequate measure. At present there are but two physicians to look after 1,723 patients, which gives to each about 860, and of these it may be assumed that one-fourth will require medical treatment.

I hope that this extract will sufficiently prove that there

is in many cases a considerable deficiency in the number of medical attendants in the Hospitals of England, and that there is some neglect on the part of the few who are employed. Ample additional evidence might have been easily gathered from all sides in support of the opinion that although many of the English hospitals are as magnificently arranged as could be wished, the working system is *not* such as would be desirable, and that improvements could be easily and advantageously made. But to give such additional proofs would be out of the purpose of my little book, and I shall give them only in case professional men should again accuse me of talking nonsense or busying myself with this subject because I have nothing else to do.

A DRAMA OF NATIONAL DIS- GRACE.

I.

"PERHAPS no trial for some years has occupied a larger share of public attention than this. It is unfortunately true that in the proceedings of this court there is not a week or a day which would not furnish kindred materials. But it is the position and station held by those whose names are implicated in the present case, which have excited such keen attention and interest." So began Lord Penzance to charge the jury of the Divorce Court on the 25th of February 1870, at the close of what the Conservative party obstinately called "the Warwickshire scandal," and what, in reality, was a national English drama, and a more sad and painful one than could ever have been seen on any stage. For a dramatist always takes care to conceal from the public all that real life may have in itself of the utterly offensive and cynical; while the painful duties of Lord Penzance, Serjeant Ballantine, and Dr. Deane consisted precisely in disclosing as much of these elements as could possibly be found in the case. The facts will probably be only too well remembered by all

who read any English newspaper during the second half of last February. At all events I have not the courage to repeat them here, and the only question which naturally presented itself to my mind after the reading of the melancholy statements was, how such an amount of misery could have accumulated itself upon two persons, young, rich, described as being "of the highest honour and position," obviously enjoying all the privileges of birth, and assumedly all those of education? And if all these miseries could accumulate themselves under a single roof, was there any necessity for their culminating in a disgraceful exposure, not only before the whole country, but before the whole world?

Two human beings unite themselves on the ground of loving each other and wishing to secure each other's happiness, for better and for worse, as the popular English phrase says. Their union is considered as a purely moral one, with which no third person ought to have any right of interference. It appears, however, that they have made a mistake. A few months or a few years, as the case may be, have shown that their union was a curse for both of them, and that the once happy lovers have become deadly enemies. What is to be done? A Spaniard or an Italian murders his wife in the transports of his fury, if he is honest enough not to turn her into a source of income. A German or a Pole daily persecutes her during her whole life with petty spites and tortures. A Russian or a Frenchman quietly leaves her, after a few more or less noisy scenes, and looks for somebody else.

If any of these men have recourse to law, it is almost always under some strong pressure from without ; while with the Englishman it is a general rule to drag his wife through the mud into the Court of justice, and expose her, as well as himself, his children, his whole family, and often his whole class, to the opprobrium of his countrymen and to the sarcastic laugh of those nations who are taught from childhood to consider England as the temple of domestic virtue and dignified reservedness.

Out of a fatal and an abnormal position there is seldom a satisfactory escape, but if, in cases like the present one, Continental people may occasionally have recourse to criminal or miserable means, the usual English way is invariably wrong in principle and degrading in details. No doubt, so far as can be seen in the future, there will always be adultery in the world, and therefore there will always be Divorce Courts to separate faithless couples. But recourse to them can be justified only in the case of poor people, for whom a wife is indispensable as a partner in domestic life. She must nurse the children, cook the dinners, manage the house ; and if she has a lover, she will neglect all this, thus violating the primary conditions of material existence. Her husband must, therefore, necessarily be enabled to find another wife. But quite different is the position of a man of the privileged classes. His chief concern is the opprobrium brought upon his name ;—and this cannot be repaired by any kind of judicial verdict. It can only be still more blackened by it, for it implies that the man is helpless to extricate

himself from a position he himself created. He alone is guilty of not having known where he placed his affections, and to whom he gave his name ; he alone is guilty if he—one of the lords of creation, and, perhaps, the only pride of his house—is unable to attach to himself a weak little woman, either by love or by any other kind of attractions. Such a man has only one part to take—that of quietly bearing all the consequences of his own faults and defects. One of the best proofs in support of such a view is that if a poor man gets rid of a faithless wife, he substantially improves his condition ; while the position of a privileged man becomes only worse, for the whole country knows what it should not know ; and if he may occasionally meet with some compassion, he can never command that respect and consideration which make almost the whole aim of life among this class of society, and which have the same importance for them as material convenience has for the poor man. And what is still more in support of such a view, is that people at large would greatly profit if the privileged classes would not wash their dirty linen before the judges. For the cases of poor people resorting thither would present but few incidents. Their life is so exposed, and goes on in such a small space, that one or two facts are sure to make the whole matter manifest. Rich people, on the contrary, have full means of concealing their clandestine relations for months, and even years, and consequently, if they are once brought to light, a whole abyss of misery and corruption is sure to be disclosed.

I know that these notions are opposed to English ones, but that is no reason why they should not be expressed ; nay, it is, perhaps, the very reason for their expression. Englishmen have created an order of things which renders divorce for the poor man altogether impossible. He is left to "fight it out" with his wife the best way they can. The reports of moral statistics have gained by this arrangement, for the number of divorces is lessened, and the nation may sometimes boast of this, if it likes. But it must never forget that the cases which are brought into Court are of a nature to give a full idea of those which cannot or do not reach it.

At all events, Lady M. was not so insane as she may have appeared to be when, hearing of a Scotch lawyer who cut his throat, she said, "And a very good thing too ; there are too many lawyers in the world ; Charlie has turned lawyer lately, and he has not done himself much good by it." In fact, what has Sir C. M. gained by the suit he has brought ? Little is known of his personal relations to Lady M., and everyone is obliged to acknowledge that nothing has transpired during the trial which could characterize Sir C. M. otherwise than as a very kind and trustful husband. "Up to the very hour when I heard what you are now trying, I believed my happiness was perfect," said he to the Court. "Up to the unhappy revelations he had no reason to believe that his wife was not as pure a woman as ever lived," emphasized his counsel. And although this appears almost incredible in the presence of many of the revealed

facts, and especially of some of the statements of the medical witnesses, no one has any right to disbelieve that at the moment when Lady M., in a state of nervous prostration or feverish excitement, declared herself a guilty woman, he would not credit her. "Nonsense, nonsense," he is reported to have said, convinced that she must have spoken under the influence of illness alone. What could be more painful than such a moral struggle of a man who refuses to believe in his own unhappiness, and whose confidence in his wife is so great as not only to blind him for several years, but to make him doubt her own confession? Yet when one saw him in the Court, when one heard all the infamies that were heaped upon a woman by a host of witnesses—of whom the most favourable to her (such as a father, for instance) aimed only at proving that she was an imbecile—all sympathy for Sir C. M. disappeared. One could not help asking oneself, whether it would not have been better had he been a less delicate and trustful man?

The nature of all the statements of this case suggested the idea that it was impossible for any man to wish them to be made for the sake of avenging himself upon, or freeing himself from, a woman whom he loved, to whom he gave his name, and who is now undoubtedly mad. Serjeant Ballantine said that "on the result of this inquiry depended the future happiness, comfort, and respectability of his client, and that this would be the last opportunity which Sir C. M. had of appealing to a jury of his countrymen." But precisely because it was

expected to be "the last opportunity," it should not have been given at all, as the verdict of the jury was utterly unable to do anything "for the future happiness, comfort, and respectability" of Sir C. M. It could only free him from the obligation of supporting Lady M.; but the expenses of her existence in some small Swiss or Italian town would hardly exceed the percentage of the law costs. It could deprive her, further, of the right of bearing the name of Sir C. M.; but as long as she remains in her present state she has no occasion to use any name at all, and if she recovers, it is most likely that she would willingly consent not to use it. As to the mass of the people no amount of verdicts would force them to forget that Lady M. was the wife of Sir C. M., or not to remember the one name when the other was pronounced. And in addition to all that, every man, throughout the whole of the world, has now the right to say that in the highest class of a nation whose mouths are full of moral precepts, and whose customs abound with Puritanic regulations, there seems to prevail not only a complete absence of every kind of morality, but even of the most elementary notions of honesty. Thus that very principle of trust in the verdict of law which has done so much for the glory of England is converted into a national disgrace. All the degradations disclosed during the process have led to nothing; Lady M. has not been proved guilty, she has only been declared insane and unable to answer the charge; so that she is still Lady M., and people of this country had only the advantage of reading in all imaginable languages articles

like that which I took the liberty of condensing in the next chapter.

II.

WHEN I had occasion to write about English morality, I was always dreadfully frightened that Englishmen would consider me as a very disagreeable Turk, who came to England and mixed himself up with matters which did not concern him at all, and of which Englishmen don't want to know more than they think convenient. This apprehension was so strong that I thought for a moment to write alternate letters, one a complimentary and another a true one ; but the editor for whose paper I wrote was a peculiar gentleman, who communicated to me that he only wanted the true ones, as the pleasant part of making compliments he reserved to himself. Under such circumstances I was always very glad of finding some authorities to quote, and here is one of them :—

One more illusion is to be abandoned. I have always imagined that with our neighbours, the English, the manners of the married women were severe and chaste. Englishmen were accustomed to say that adultery was a French evil. Their writers have never ventured to touch this subject in novels, still less have they brought it on the stage. Remember Dickens ; has he not married girls enough in his stories ? He has made matches enough to people the whole of England ; but he has never troubled the life of a single couple. Everywhere you see the same honest young

man anxious about the same honest young girl, and finishing after all sorts of virtuous kindnesses, by conducting her before the clergyman. Compare a little these honest adventures with the romances of Balzac or George Sand. While with these writers an almighty and undisciplined passion has the upper hand, you see with the English writers but quiet and amiable pictures of conjugal tenderness, a gossip at the fireside, children on the knees of their mother, the boiling kettle which is to make the family tea, and a husband spending his evenings in work, with a heart full of sweet joys. Such is English family life. I think it is Taine who said that women in England were kind brooding-hens, in a state of perpetual adoration before the father of the new-born chickens.

Now it seems we must abate our delusions. 'Tis Englishmen themselves who have set afloat all the rumours about British virtue, and we have been good-natured enough to trust them. I begin to believe that if they are more virtuous than we, it is only in their books. We placard in our books the cynicism of immorality, and our marriages are often not worse on that account; while they cry out with offended modesty. They are like that Arsinoé of Molière, who ordered the nudities in the pictures to be covered. But I am afraid that they like realities more than is generally believed.

A story like that of Lady M. is terribly instructive. I wish it to be understood that I do not in any way mix myself up in judging whether that lady was guilty or not. The truth is, that, after reading all that has been published upon this trial, I still do not know anything about it. A woman appears to me always mad, when making such avowals as these with which she has regaled the ears of her noble husband. I should then surely have taken her for being insane, and I know that many people are locked up who have not been guilty of nearly such gross stupidity. But admitting that Lady M. has not carried things so far as it is believed, it is not less true that this story throws quite

an unexpected light upon the family life of rich people in England, and we are transported at once a thousand leagues from the romances of Thackeray and Dickens. Read this process ; you will swim in Balzac. An excellent gentleman is this Sir C. M., but a very pitiful husband. He has reminded me of that *mot* of a vaudeville which Mademoiselle Silly has so comically rendered at the Variétés :—"Comme fonctionnaire, c'est un homme parfait ; mais comme homme c'est un pauvre fonctionnaire !" He went every year to Norway to enjoy some fishing, without troubling himself with the question whether his wife would not avail herself of this occasion for some hunting purposes. She would have done wrong, no doubt, but the first fault is with him. His departure did not throw, however, any melancholy cloud upon the deserted house. Lady M. did not cease in the absence of her husband to give dinners, receive her friends, and keep them after midnight. As a Frenchman, I find such conduct quite natural. Our wives cannot live like Lucretias, spinning wool in their gynæceum, while the husbands are fishing. Yet in England it is quite another thing. English writers have given us utterly different pictures. But is not all this austerity of conjugal life in England the mere production of hypocritical literature ? A lady who lived in England, and whom I asked on this delicate point for some positive information, said to me, "Laissez donc ! Les Anglais nous la font à la fleur d'oranger."

But where I have recognized the English lady in her genius of order is in that note of Lady M.'s diary : "280 days from the 27th June." That is a woman who keeps her accounts in order. Our French ladies, I imagine, would be sharper, and only inscribe such dates in the almanack of their memory. But apart from this little detail, I do not see in what way one of the nations is the creditor of the other. There is no reason to make prudes, and to despise other nations. We read the Bible a little less, and we have not so

much courage publicly to bore ourselves ; but the ground of morals must be the same in both nations.

This, according to my opinion, very shocking article was printed in the *Gaulois* of the 9th of March and signed Francisque Sarcey—as far as I know, a very nice gentleman. But if the reader should not be satisfied with this authority, I can give him another one ; that of a gentleman, who, though formerly a Communist and a Republican Minister, is now on very favourable terms with many distinguished members of the English nobility. This is what he said on the same occasion in the *Temps* :—

May this scandal render Englishmen in future a little more modest, and above all a little more reserved in the judgments which they pronounce upon that laxity of manners for which, according to their opinion, Parisian society has no equal in the world !

This kind of comment the reader might have easily found everywhere and in all possible languages, and he would be quite wrong in denying the correctness of such comments if he paid due attention to what is sometimes going on in dear Old England, and if he kindly remembered that the judge ordinary of the celebrated Court stated himself that in its proceedings “there is not a week or a day which would not furnish kindred materials.”

THE LOVERS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S WIVES.

SOME years ago, when travelling in Germany, I was once detained by bad weather and a bad cold in a very bad hotel of a highly dull little town. The position, as you may imagine, was not pleasant, and I had nothing to do but to ask for some books. The *Gastwirth* brought me a translation of an old novel of M. Paul de Kock and a book of Herr von Winckelmann. Knowing that I had to visit England some day, and therefore wishing to preserve within myself as much propriety as I possibly could, I refused even to look at the production of the first gentleman, and began to read the work of the second. How far I was able to understand it, everybody will know who has ever attempted to read a book of a learned German author. Yet one statement in this case proved to be quite intelligible and still clings to my memory ; namely, that the most ancient Grecian sculptors represented Justice without a head. If such a statement is correct, I think these ancients must have been very clever people, and I suspect that in thus representing Justice they had chiefly intended

to allude to what Justice would by-and-by turn out in England.

It is already common-place to say that everywhere, and more especially in England, a poor and hungry man stealing a loaf of bread or a turnip is sentenced to several months' hard labour, while a fat company's director defrauding its shareholders of thousands and thousands goes unpunished—a circumstance obviously testifying the absence of a head in the judge. But what testifies the absence of a head not only in the judge, but in the legislator too, is that, while a man robbing another of only a part of his means for arriving at happiness is subjected to a more or less heavy punishment, a man robbing his fellow of the whole of his happiness is not punished at all.

Let us take marriage, for instance. Either it is calculated to be a plague or a bliss. If it is a plague, the man who frees another from a wife ought to be considered a benefactor and rewarded accordingly; if it is a bliss, he ought to be considered a malefactor, just as if he had aimed at the destruction of the happiness of his fellow beings in any other way. In fact, very often he would not be able to steal anything dearer than a wife. All the man denies himself in order to accumulate savings, all the labour he performs, all the servility he exhibits in order to make a position,—all this he does very often with the single view to deposit its fruits at the feet of some beloved Miss; and in a few months or years after making this deposit, another man introduces himself into his house and robs him of this dear acquisition. The

mischievous would perhaps not be so great if he would carry the lady away altogether ; but that is precisely what these gentlemen would not do. They want to have what they expect to be a pleasure without having the labour, troubles, and annoyances which are inseparable from it. Such men ought not only to be considered as thieves in the commonest sense of the word, but as cowardly and villanous thieves, and should be treated accordingly. There has been lately much talk in this country about kindred matters, and the press as well as the public expended a good deal of mental force in speculations about the question how to lessen the amount of constantly occurring conjugal catastrophes. But, as far as I know, it did not occur to anybody that one of the most efficacious means would, perhaps, be to pass a law that the lover of somebody else's wife, being convicted as such, should be punished as for a *vol avec effraction* (I don't know how to express this in English, and I perceive that the French term is also not quite adapted to the case, as in reality there seldom occurs any kind of *effraction*; but you will understand what I mean).

It is almost certain that such a law would considerably secure family happiness, without in the least interfering with the poetical elements of life, for it would not prevent a married lady from falling in love with some gentleman more attractive than her husband ; it would only suggest to her, and especially to her lover, that their position required careful consideration ; and consequent on this, many of them would for a long time—sometimes for ever—remain in the delightful state

of the loving palm-trees, as described by a contemporary poet :—

Heureux les palmiers ! leurs amours
 Vont, sur les ailes de la brise,
 De l'amant ignoré toujours
 A l'amante toujours surprise.

Rien de réel ne vient briser
 L'essor idéal de leurs fièvres :
Ils ont l'ivresse du baiser
Sans avoir à subir les lèvres.

I cannot imagine a more charming kind of relation than this ; and, keeping in view that it is perfectly compatible with the requirements of peace and order, I should astonish myself at having any objection to it. Many English moralists think that a married lady is bound to love her husband and by no means anybody else. But we think in Turkey that it is very difficult to bind any internal manifestation of human nature ; that feelings, just as circulation of blood, digestion of food, or activity of brain, can, to a certain degree, be trained by education or paralyzed by coercion, but never reformed by merely verbal prescription of moral or civil law. According to this, we thought it most expedient to lock up our ladies and to appoint a suitable person to look after them. You have preferred another way, and it is only natural that you should bear all the consequences of your choice. If you proclaim freedom of thought, of religious opinion, you must equally proclaim freedom of affection ; and the only thing the law has to look after, here as in all other cases, is that the freedom of one

should not injure the legitimate interests of another, or society at large. In believing that one gentleman is more worthy of affection than another, a lady does not injure anybody; but in taking a lover when she lives at the expense of her husband, she injures his material interest, she throws an opprobrium upon his name, as well as upon that of her children, whom she, moreover, unavoidably injures by neglect; and against all this the law has not only the right, but the obligation to interfere. It would not be just to prosecute the woman, for in the present state of society girls, besides being often married against their wish, are almost always quite unfit to understand what they are doing when they marry. A change in their feelings and thoughts is therefore more than excusable, and the law would be unfair in chastising them for it, especially when it is known what kind of husbands are to be met with in this world. But to prosecute a gentleman who induces a married lady to offend in this way both society and her family, is only to do the merest justice, even when the husband fully deserves his fate.

It is very awkward to speak in England about subjects in any way connected with morals, for as soon as Englishmen get out of pounds, shillings, and pence, they are soaring in regions of moral purity quite inaccessible to common mortals. I am sure that many readers, especially of the class connected with reverend matters, will suspect me of advocating some corrupt principles; but I can assure them that I only wish to express what common sense suggests to me—namely, that morals, like everything

else, greatly gain by being dealt with in a purely practical way. If you would try for a few years only to speak less about moral obligations in matrimonial affairs, but would plainly state that adultery would be punished in the way I have just pointed out, morality would exceedingly increase; for if a thoughtless woman were still to think that what she is doing would not be discovered, her lover would be more cautious, knowing that there might be some charge to answer. Both of them would thus be more likely to preserve longer the above position of the palm-trees, and that is often all that is required for the danger to pass by. If it is a caprice, they will soon tire of it; while if the affection is effectively a great one, a little more patience will not lessen it, and it may be presumed that in the nineteenth century scarcely any civilised man, seeing that his wife loves seriously another man, and knowing that she has never deceived him, would insist upon her further cohabiting with him, or would have any reason for avenging himself. If divorces were to take place under such circumstances, they would be quiet and honest reparations of an old mistake, while now—you know what they are. English law gives full freedom to people who have committed adultery, and enables them to go on further according to the best of their pleasure; while, if a woman should have acted as I say here, I am sure both society and law would attack and bind her to a life, perhaps thoroughly unbearable to her. Is it, then, astonishing that with such an arrangement a woman prefers the first path? And if afterwards her clandestine relations are

discovered, if she is dragged into court, and if, in spite of a good deal of evidence, the lover should come and swear that his relations to the lady have not gone so far as the husband supposed, everybody is quite contented and the poor man has his wife back again. Now you may be completely sure that if I were in such kind of relations towards a married English lady, I should swear like that not only once but twenty times. It would only be gentlemanlike, and the least a man could do under such circumstances. If I had deceived the husband, if I had treated his wife on the footing of a St. John's Woodian lady, to acknowledge publicly the fact would be only to crown the edifice of villany.

Now, what lies at the bottom of this perverted state of things? Only and exclusively the wish to uphold and enforce a few moral precepts of a purely verbal description. But, as an illustrious Frenchman said, "*Si vous voulez endormir un peuple, faites lui donc un bon lit,*" so must a humble Turk say, If you want people to be moral, try to make morality at least somewhat comfortable and intelligible.

MUSICAL INSTINCTS OF ENGLISH PEOPLE.



I.

THERE is scarcely any civilized nation which has among its foreign contemporaries such a bad musical reputation as England, and yet there is scarcely another which deserves it so little. Having occasionally paid attention to the musical disposition of several countries, I came, concerning England, to a conclusion diametrically opposed to that so firmly established on the Continent. True that, besides the inevitable overture of "Maritana," the still more inevitable "Last Rose of Summer," a few airs of Mr. Balfe, a couple of waltzes of Mr. Godfrey, the jig, and a comical song, "My dear Jenny," of which I presume the melody is as little English as the words are, almost nothing is known of English music on the Continent. But the musical abilities of a nation ought to be considered from three distinct points: the creative power, the appreciative faculty, and the skill of catching and reproducing melodies. About the creative power of England there is not much to be said, as besides Church music little is known of English music even in

England itself. Still there was, some eighteen months ago, an article in some magazine stating that there existed operas, symphonies and various other productions of English masters. One would be inclined to think that, keeping in view the patriotic feelings of Englishmen, these productions would be more widely known, at least, in this country, were they worthy of it. But unless one wishes to enter into disputes which have seldom an end, one may as well leave this point alone, for music is such a cosmopolitan and sublime manifestation of human nature, that it would be absurd to insist on the merits of one's own music to the disregard of the better music belonging to other people ; and that is precisely the course which people have taken. Italian and German productions are as celebrated in the Old World as they are in the New, and that is the best proof that creative power must be chiefly resident in those two nations. With regard, then, to England, France, or any other European country, supposing them equally capable of occasionally creating a good piece of music, there will remain the test of understanding and reproducing music, and in this respect I should say that England stands by no means the last in the list, while in some points it ought to be considered one of the first. No really good piece of music remains without being as thoroughly appreciated in England as it can be, and what is still more important, as impartially as possible. French and Italian people, for instance, are very reluctant to appreciate German music. "Don Juan," "Mozze di Figaro," and "Freischütz" are the only German productions which

have made themselves a certain popularity in Italy, but they are still not liked in France. No doubt that occasionally one may hear a performance of German music in Paris, but if such performances are well attended, it must be attributed chiefly to their rarity, and to the fact that the first artists in the world take part in them. Besides this, the attendance at such performances is so limited and so constantly the same that it cannot by any means be taken into account when speaking of the bulk of the nation. The symphonic German music has still less success in Italy than in France; and, as a matter of course, Germany fully repays to both those nations their musical disregard of her. The very name of French music provokes a sarcastic smile on the lips of a genuine citizen *des Gesammten Vaterlandes*. As to Italian music, he will only acknowledge its existence under the condition that German should not be mentioned at the same time.

No trace of such rivalry is to be seen in England, and that is, perhaps, the best proof of its high musical understanding and taste. Italian, German, or even French music, if it is good, is sure to be listened to, sure to be applauded, and sure to be paid for here at a higher rate than anywhere else. And this is not all. If we put aside Italy, I have nowhere noticed the mass of the people so well remembering the melodies and so correctly reproducing them. Italians are celebrated for their popular singing, but then it must not be forgotten that a man hears in Italy the national melodies from childhood,

The mother, in nursing him, sings some popular, barcarolle, or some operatic air; while the English working woman is utterly unable to sing any kind of barcarolle or air to her child. In fact, the whole of his home life is just the reverse of what is wanted to develop musical inclinations, and yet the English boy runs in the street singing or whistling some new production of the music hall, and doing it so that one is struck by the correctness of his ear. It is bad music, no doubt; but is there any reason for supposing that had he heard some better he would not have caught it just as well? A German left to himself gets sometimes all his hair grey before he is able intelligibly to reproduce a single passage of a piece of music which he has heard, perhaps, a hundred times. If he becomes able to sing something, it is only after a thorough course of *studiren* in some kind of *Gesangverein*. And then, even after such a *studiren*, he proves to be fit chiefly for the chorus, his solo singing remaining still seldom bearable. The Frenchman, on the contrary, catches quickly a melody if it is a light one, but it is very difficult to make him fit for a chorus, and nowhere, perhaps, is the choral singing so bad as in France, notwithstanding the attempts which have been lately made to form *orphéons*, or choral societies, in many provinces.

Now, in England both choral and solo singing of the mass of the people appears to me of very high merit, considering the exceedingly limited means which they have for the development of these abilities and the exceedingly

small amount of good music which they are enabled to hear. Everybody may hear street boys singing popular songs in chorus, and very creditably improvising their respective parts. At a thieves' supper at Gospel Hall, New-Cut, I heard some hundred women and men of the lowest social strata singing *à l'improviste* several hymns not less efficiently than a French *société chorale* would have sung after several rehearsals, and than a German *Verein* would be very glad to sing at a first *probe*. At every music hall one may daily hear shop-boys and young working men constituting themselves into a volunteer chorus to repeat the refrain of the most favourite songs; and, at a concert of "the great Vance" in St. James's Hall, they did it so efficiently that the more respectable part of the audience, who did not know this custom of Mr. Vance's admirers, and who were therefore greatly shocked at the beginning, became by-and-by quite pacified, thus proving once more that natural talent is always likely to command people's attention.

Under such circumstances one is naturally inclined to ask oneself, why, then, is such a fearful amount of highly unmusical sounds constantly resounding wherever the sons of Britannia have put their feet. Whence these tremendously savage cries of the newspaper boy and street-hawkers? Whence the indiscriminate applause to everybody and for everything at the Covent Garden Opera as well as the London Pavilion music hall?

These are questions of musical education and musical

training of the people, which are altogether neglected in England.

II.

IN fact, nowhere is so little done for the cultivation and improvement of the taste of that part of society whose education does not include music, either as a study, a recreative pursuit, or even a mere entertainment. In the southern countries of Europe, where life passes chiefly out of doors, where both nature and climate have made people musical, where the Past has bequeathed a great quantity of melodies which are learned by everybody without being taught by any one, there is no necessity for caring about the cultivation of this art. It goes on of itself, and there is as little need to infuse musical taste and understanding into an Italian as there is to introduce steel into his blood. And it would appear that the further northward one goes from Italy the more do people seem to want an artificial supply of both steel and musical taste in their organization. True it is that many a bloodless person has proved to be a great musician; but these seem to be only exceptions, confirming the rule. They look like geniuses whose organization could not withstand the pressure of emotions. They became bloodless because they were musicians, not that they became musicians because they were bloodless.

But still, little as may be the fitness of Northern people to understand emotional language, they can be taught to

understand it, and it would appear that, when taught, they become exceedingly susceptible to all the fine shades of this language. So we see many a thin and pale Miss or Fraülein who would seem to live only for music ; and although in this case the Miss or Fraülein is generally only enervated, not stimulated or raised in spirit, a little more happy organization can be really elevated to a considerable height of moral development. I am sure, for instance, that many places of the second act of "Guglielmo Tell," or the parting duet of Raoul and Valentine of the "Huguenots," if they are well sung, and if the words are well rendered into one's own language, may often give to a man better lessons of the duties of a citizen than a whole score of speeches and admonitions. Unless a speaker or a preacher is particularly gifted, he generally repeats only old arguments well known to his audience, while the musical language has just that advantage that, beside saying all a man knows, it says something more, which he cannot express or formulate, but which he feels intensely, and which, as a rule, is his chief stimulant to action. In matter of love it is just the same. Everybody knows how much better one loves with than without music, and I am quite sure that the loving scenes of the third act of "Faust," or kindred ones, have afforded moments of real happiness to numerous ladies and gentlemen, who without them would, perhaps, have undertaken some family or household discussion, and finished by quarrelling on that evening. In matter of faith again, I venture to say that if there were no organs and no singing in the churches, there would

probably be very little chance for anything in the shape of Endowment or Establishment. Finally, in war, everybody, who has seen anything of it, knows what an enormous difference exists in the manner in which a column marches when accompanied or not by spirited music. In many cases 5,000 men with a band of music are worth 10,000 from whom a philanthropic and an economical Government has withdrawn the bands in time of war with a view that the instruments should not be smashed and a few musicians killed.

Keeping all this in view, I have always been astonished that practical Englishmen have never paid sufficient attention to the importance of musical training for the people. In Italy people have, besides the music they produce themselves, the possibility of hearing for 10 soldi (2*d.*) the best operas. In France they have as much music as they like, either altogether free, from the otherwise not very commendable source of the Imperial army, or at the slightly elevated price of a refreshment which they would have taken without the music as well. This music is not of a particularly elevating nature, but still its connection with the national character is more than obvious, for nothing becomes popular, as nothing becomes ridiculous, in France unless it has passed through the *chanson* and through a dancing air. In Germany, too, everybody can spend a whole evening in listening to the most efficient orchestra for six kreuzers (2*d.*) in the *Gulden* part, and for 2½ groschen (3*d.*) in the *Thaler* part of Germany. In England the working man has no music at all except that he can

hear once a week in church, if he belongs to the church-going people, or that which he can hear in some indecent music-hall, if he belongs to the music-hall-going people. On Sundays, when he is free, and when he would, perhaps, willingly have a little æsthetic enjoyment together with his family, he can find only three orchestras playing in the afternoons for a population of three millions—one in Regent's Park, one in Battersea, and one in Victoria. And even these orchestras play only when it is fine weather, which is very seldom the case in London, and with intervals between the pieces so long that one loses all patience to wait, and with an ability about which a chair proprietor is left to decide. Really popular and good musical entertainments are unknown in England, and, what is still worse, it seems that there is even no thought of arranging them in any way. The so-called Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, though comparatively not very dear, are still unfit for the people, for besides their taking place on working days, the pieces performed are by no means accessible to a man who has not previously passed through a lighter kind of music. Some of the artists playing there are undoubtedly first-rate celebrities, but their achievements are without any value for working men, just as Beethoven and Mendelssohn are unintelligible composers for them. In the Crystal Palace, again, are given English versions of Italian operas, and a few English ones. The admission is not higher than at St. James's Hall, but then there is the journey to the Crystal Palace, which brings the cost of such a recrea-

tion quite beyond the means of a working man. Some enterprising manager attempted last autumn to give operas in English versions at St. George's Hall, but, the hall being small, naturally enough the expenses could not be covered by an entrance fee of one shilling. The orchestra at these performances consisted only of five or six men, supported by a piano, and the scenery was of such an unpretentious kind that the garden scene of "Faust," which I happened to see, was set with a few pots of real plants, constantly overturned by an awkward Mephistopheles. The singers were in correspondence with the whole arrangement. Still, the hall was crowded, and that is only a new proof that the mass of English people seeks a divertissement of this kind, and cannot find it. A working man sitting close to me, and with whom I spoke on this subject, stated in rather a harsh tone, that "England is a country fit for rich people only, who deliberately withdraw every enjoyment from the working man. They wish me to go to the dirty music-hall or to the public-house, where I spend half-a-crown in drink, and the next day am so stupid as to become indifferent to what they are doing with me. Now, here the performance is not very good, but still I like it, for I made myself decent and came here with my wife, and it does not cost me much. But, I am told they are about to close. It does not pay." And really, in a few days, I saw that these performances had ceased.

How far this man was right in what he said I should not venture to indicate. But what I should say is that

some change ought to be made in this respect. England would greatly gain by it, as not only life would become more pleasant in this country, but morality would greatly increase, and, perhaps, even certain kinds of crime diminish.

III.

THE whole question of Sunday observance is one of the least intelligible for any human being but an Englishman, and will certainly form some day one of the most curious chapters of English history. It will be highly interesting to see upon what authority a nation could have assumed that Allah wished them to be mournful and deadly dull on the only day of rest which they can have, and on which all other nations try to be as cheerful as in any way possible. Yet, this chapter of the future history of the civilization of England does not concern me at present, and I have not the requisite materials at hand to say anything about it. I cannot help thinking, however, that there is already some progress traceable in this direction, and that, at least, the next generation may expect to see the question of Sunday brought in this country, if not precisely on a more reasonable footing, at least to some open discussion. The private talk which everyone can often hear on this subject, proves—still more than the existence of the Sunday League—that there is already a certain portion of English society, which begins to think that it is very questionable

whether Allah really wished them to spend their Sundays in the way, in which the clergy and the House of Lords assure them he does. It seems that some years ago it was utterly impossible to speak on the subject, without being suspected of belonging to the most corrupt strata of society. Now, however, one can see from time to time even quite respectable organs of the press more or less delicately touching this question. There is certainly no mentioning about the right of people heartily enjoying themselves in any way they wish ; but there is some quite plain and free-spoken arguing going on in favour of the opening of the Museums, as well as of the possibility of allowing people to listen to good music. And even statesmen discuss this subject. So, for instance, Mr. Ayrton received in the middle of April a deputation from the Sunday band committee, and officially declared to them that the government had strong objection only to "hurdy-gurdy" music, under which heading the first Commissioner of British Art and Taste included all dance music. If things go on in this way, it may be expected that, in about half a century, the British Government will arrive at the judicial supposition that it may as well not busy itself with this subject at all, and leave it altogether in the hands of those who have to play and to listen to music. The above interview gave, of course, an opportunity for the press to report the reception this statesman accorded to the deputation, and to expose some general considerations on the matter ; and this was the language of one of the reasonable organs of the press :—

On Wednesday afternoon a deputation had an interview with Mr. Ayrton on the subject of the Sunday bands. From the report of the proceedings we are enabled to form a fairly comprehensive notion of what has been done towards the musical education of the people during the last fourteen years by a succession of enlightened Governments. The Sunday performances in the parks were the result of a compromise highly characteristic of English religionists. As originally planned, they were to take place in Kensington Gardens, and the bands employed were to be those of the Household troops. Many of our readers will remember the tempest which this determination excited. The band played, if we remember rightly, for two or three Sundays, and was then summarily suppressed. Lord Palmerston did not choose to defy Exeter Hall. A substitute, however, was provided, or, more accurately, was permitted to provide itself, in the shape of performances by private bands in three other parks; and this happy inconsistency was allowed by common consent to meet the case exactly. Within a reasonable distance of London the supposed Sunday tastes of three typical classes of English society were now catered for. At Windsor there was military music, representing the contempt for religion and respectability entertained by a martial aristocracy. In 'the people's parks' there was music of the German-band order, representing the contempt for religion and respectability entertained by a radical democracy. In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens the Sabbatical silence was unbroken, and religion and respectability received from a crowd of worshippers such homage as can be rendered by a mutual contemplation of one another's clothes. From that day to this the theological scruples of the country have remained at rest. No one has ventured to challenge the received doctrine that on a Sunday good music in the west of London is a national sin, while bad music in the north-east and south of London is an innocent recreation.

Is it not a nice bit of material for the future historian of England, and is it not, at the same time, quite a European kind of speech? One would not believe that it is in England one hears it, and would only wonder where *Mdme. Britannia* might come to, if she goes on in this way.

It is not advisable, however, to compliment her too much, as she may be inclined to retrace her steps. What I wish to suggest here, is that, if such kind of speeches are already considered possible, would it not be as well to consider the matter at once more closely, and really do something for the æsthetic education of that enormous majority of British subjects whom hard work, and dull, unpoetical life keep in a state of obscurity and degradation, by far worse than can be seen in any other civilized country. Many English patriots still think that Continental populations stand on a lower level than English people; but the statistics show that poverty and misery are greater here than anywhere, that the criminal percentage of the population is also larger than anywhere, and finally the agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act, led to the public avowal, that even the amount of immorality must be much greater, for the extension of those diseases appears to be here considerably over that they have in the country which was always considered by Englishmen as the home of immorality. And if such are the results arrived at with rigid Sunday observance, would it not be advisable to try how things would go on with a free access of people to æsthetic enjoyment on that only day when they are free from hard labour. A

few years of experience would most likely show quite an unexpected improvement in many departments of life, and would surely show an enormous development of those musical capacities which seem to be inherent in English people, and which are almost deliberately killed in them—so killed as to make a great English musician, or even a remarkable English performer of music, quite a rarity.

It may seem strange to the English reader that a Turk should be so sanguine as to music and its influence. But I must say that when I was a child I was brought up by a “Hanoverian governess with Parisian French” (just like those constantly advertised in the *Times*). She was a great musician, and inculcated into me all those ideas about music which I have exposed here, and which I have found as yet to be tolerably correct.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND NOVELS.

SOMEBODY said that the most striking difference between Eastern and Western peoples is that the former take madmen for prophets, while the latter take prophets for madmen. In my capacity of an Eastern man residing in the West, I don't know whether I shall be ranged among the madmen or the prophets should I make a prophecy, but I am very much disposed to make one just now, with regard to the distant time when humanity will take the resolution of improving itself and becoming wiser. My prophecy would be that, when that happy day shall arrive, there will be, in England at least, three propositions established with a view to foster these resolutions. First, that not everybody can have children; secondly, that not everybody can write novels; and thirdly, that not everybody can govern other people. Thanks to Allah, with regard to the last point some steps have been already taken, and although all human beings still display a great inclination towards governing or meddling with government, the great majority of them are successfully kept back. True that the persons chosen

for governmental purposes are, as a rule, not much better than those who are excluded. Yet this point is not of such great importance ; for if people wish to be governed badly, and if they manifest this wish by choosing unfit persons, it is only just that they should be left to bear the results of their choice. But with regard to the two first points very little has been done as yet ; and a leading article which I read one day in a high-class Liberal paper recalled to my memory some thoughts communicated to me by my uncle, Sumbar-Bey, a very clever old nobleman, who has long resided in Europe, and knew all about it. He told me that the chief unhappiness of England, as compared with other countries, lies in the enormous amount of children and novels which are yearly produced here. He pointed out to me at the same time that the danger accruing thence was constantly growing stronger, because novels tended to increase the production of children, and children tended to increase the production of novels. Thus there was a constant mutual fostering of the two agencies going on which must finally be very fatal. If the amount of novels were less, there would be more common-sense (so said my uncle, not I), and if there were more common-sense there would be fewer marriages between people who, both by their age and their education, ought still to be at school ; and therefore there would never be such an enormous amount of frightfully large families. On the other hand, if the families were not so large, the country would not be so overpeopled ; the demand for serious kinds of labour would be greater ; and fewer

people would have to recur, for want of any serious work, either to novel-writing or to novel-reading.

These thoughts seemed to me very plausible when I heard them for the first time, and they reappeared again to my memory when I read the just-mentioned article of the high-class Liberal journal, notwithstanding the question being there treated from another standpoint. The article was written on the occasion of some letter received from a young correspondent, complaining that his productions were seldom printed. The journal in question explained to him, as well as to the public, that editors and publishers are not bound to read and publish everything which one takes a fancy to write and send to them. He pointed out also that in England the number of people inclined to write fictions and send them for publication is out of all proportion to the demand, and beneath all the qualifications required. If this be true, it is a very melancholy statement, for—combined with the enormous number of children who are daily brought into the world by English ladies and gentlemen—it would give to this country the disadvantage of still possessing the two chief elements which my uncle considered years ago as the principal impediments to improvement.

If I am not mistaken, reasonable Englishmen begin themselves to complain about there being too many children and too many novels; but it seems that they do so in a merely formal way of a statement, without taking any measure to remedy the evil, or even to explain to people that too great zeal in these respects

is by no means permissible. In fact, it is a curious phenomenon that human beings constantly question their ability or rights to do anything, with the exception of producing children, composing novels, and governing other people. So, for instance, a man does not undertake to make a pair of boots, to play the piano, or even to make a tart, if he is not duly qualified for such undertakings. But you are sure never to meet a man who will frankly avow that he is not fit to be a father, or to meddle in government; and only very seldom will you meet a man who would avow that he is not fit for writing a romance, or at least for performing it in real life. And the most unhappy circumstance in this case, is that these three branches of human activity are precisely the most difficult and complicated. The rôle of a father or a mother, for instance, implies the capability of transmitting to the offspring healthy organisms, sound brains, a good education, and, if not money, at least some profession or a trade, so as to give them a start in life. Now, how many people can properly accomplish this? Yet, absolutely everybody thinks himself a fit person to be a parent.

With regard to the Government again, a man who would willingly avow his incapacity for driving a steam-engine or commanding a ship, will never as willingly avow his unfitness for driving the social engine, or commanding the governmental bark. It is quite sufficient to go only once to any political meeting to become thoroughly acquainted with the enormous amount of self-confidence which people have in general with regard to the solution of governmental questions. And it would seem that the

more ignorant a man is, the greater is his tendency to mingle with governmental affairs, either in the active way of inventing and enforcing something of his own, or at least in a passive way of reprobating or approving something invented by other people. If you should say to an officer, a clergyman, a merchant, a working-man, or even to many a contemporary lady, that there are questions in the management of States to the solution of which their experience and knowledge has not quite fitted them yet, they would, in the first place, be greatly offended, and, in the second place, would try to prove to you that State questions can be solved by common sense, by practical sense, or by some other impalpable gift. If—being too delicate to object to them that these impalpable gifts are distributed among mankind in very various proportions, and by no means lavishly—you should still venture to point out to them your astonishment that the same gifts do not make them fit for driving a steam-engine, they would probably take you for a fool, and would not speak any further with you. Yet, you would only be right, for the difference between the steam-engine and the State engine is only that the latter is incomparably more complicated, and requires, therefore, a far greater amount of special ability and knowledge in the driver.

With regard to novels again, of all the fine arts poetry is the most complicated, for it not only deals with the outward, but also with the inward world. Yet artists, who deal merely with the external form of things, such as painters or sculptors, for instance, are bound now-a-

days to know at least a little of the anatomy of the human body, as well as to have some idea of the theory of perspective ; while a writer of fiction seems to make it his duty to learn absolutely nothing. He describes speeches, figures, attitudes, movements, internal as well as external, without being in any way able to test the correctness of what he does. Some of these writers are even so courageous as to describe things which they have never seen. And the most conscientious only copy from nature, quite leaving out of view that even such copying requires a much greater amount of scientific knowledge than they would ever be willing to acquire. If a painter can be successful only in proportion to his thorough knowledge of the subject he represents on his picture, the more so must it be with regard to the novel writer, whose subject is always more complicated than that of a painter. Now, try to explain to such a writer that if you were, for instance, to copy his nose only, without having any notion of the rules of perspective, you would easily make something neither correct, nor likely to content him ; and that you cannot understand how he is able to copy, under precisely similar circumstances, not only whole persons, but whole strata of society. Try to explain to him something of this kind, and you may be sure to see him offended, and answering you that so far as he wants this kind of knowledge, he has it, and that his chief guide is his poetical instinct, of which you cannot appreciate the significance because you don't possess it yourself.

Just the same is it with regard to the production of

children. If you should say to any young lady or gentleman that, keeping in view the circumstances in which they are placed by nature, by society, or by themselves, they ought not to produce children at present, they would answer you that you say this because you are not kind-hearted enough to like children, or that you are unable to appreciate what a bliss and high enjoyment it is to possess children. And all your eloquence would fail to assure such ladies and gentlemen that you don't speak about the bliss or enjoyment which they wish to have, but about the results which this enjoyment of theirs must have upon their children, in the first place, and upon society, in the second.

It is hardly to be expected that this state of things will soon change for the better ; but if my uncle was right, I hope the change will take place some day, and if it takes place, I have a strong suspicion that a more reasonably regulated production of new human beings will greatly depend upon the decrease of second and third-rate novels, while the decrease of this kind of works will be greatly fostered by a more reasonably regulated production of children.

RELIGIOUS GYMNASTICS.

GERMAN philosophers have invented a very nice little verb, *zurückdenken*, which means to think something back to some other thing, say to its source, for instance. This kind of inoffensive mental exercise has always pleased me very much, and I used frequently to indulge in it with reference to the peculiarities of various countries I had the pleasure of visiting. In England, however, I seldom derive any satisfaction from this exercise. In a great majority of cases my thinking-back of this or that English peculiarity only bewilders me, without ever giving the hope of disclosing the source I look for. Especially so is it with regard to reverend matters, and on the 6th of May, I had again to witness something highly interesting and thoroughly English, but of which I could not properly make out, either the practical meaning or the original source. It was the sixty-second annual meeting of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What a perseverance, what a boldness, what a disinterestedness are implied in the mere idea of a society spending sixty-two years in promoting a belief among people who have obstinately

refused to accept it for nearly 2000 years! None, but Englishmen could have framed and put into work anything of this description. It would appear but a purposeless and highly expensive moral sport or religious gymnastics, to every man who has no Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. Many Roman and Gallic descendants have, indeed, tried to convert the Jews; but then they used quite different means. There was nothing in their proceedings which could be described as a peaceful work of merely preaching their belief "to the whole House of Israel, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." And precisely such was recognised by the above meeting to be "the great work which the Society is called upon to fulfil." Naturally enough one bends his head before a conception of this nature; but it does not prevent one from wishing to know what special purpose you have in carrying out such an idea, and how far you realise this purpose.

Missionarism has always been a special feature of this country. I remember that long years ago, when I was a boy, I had among my coloured prints one which represented Mdme. Britannia dressed in a *débardeur* costume, and about to start on a voyage round the world, with a Bible in one hand, and a bottle of rum in the other. By-and-by, when I grew older, I perceived that the Bible and the bottle were merely accessories, and that the real meaning of missionarism was to civilize the world, chiefly with a view to throw open as large a market for your industry as you could possibly get. This was a very intelligible scheme, and a very practical one—a

scheme the realisation of which is the foundation of your greatness and glory. But what can you expect to arrive at by changing the faith of a few men belonging to a race which carried it through nearly twenty centuries of the most atrocious persecutions, and which succeeded in preserving itself as a distinct part of humanity, without ever having been allowed to form a nation? Where time and force, fire and iron, could do nothing; a few Englishmen in white neckcloths, and with second-hand sermons in their pockets, wish and hope to do something!

To be sure, such a degree of hopefulness and self-reliance you will meet nowhere but on your islands, and you are, so far, rightly entitled to be proud of the fact. But if you attempt to make out the practical value of an undertaking of this kind, or to think it back to its source, I am sure you will be quite as bewildered as I was. In preaching your belief to Indians, to Chinamen, to some savage antipodes, or even to me and my countrymen, you have a definite purpose of making all your pupils think and live as you do, and use all the produces you may choose to send them. But the Jews are living among you, they are quite safe people, they are even more business-like than you, and, as far as I know, frequent the public-houses much less, and, therefore, contribute much more to the preservation of peace and order. What objection can you then have to leave them alone, and allow them to believe what they choose? You think that your belief is more correct than theirs, but they think just the same about yours. As regards the social results which are expected from all

the various faiths, there is not much difference. The respectable Jews, the respectable Englishmen, as well as the respectable Turks, pursue almost the same line of social conduct, only the stimulants under which they pursue it are different ; and these can hardly ever be the same. For instance, when you behave yourself properly in this world, you do so because you expect that, for such conduct, you will be rewarded by a certain kind of agreeable life in Paradise. But your notions about paradisaical enjoyments must be very different from mine. You would, for instance, be only shocked at some of the pastimes I expect to have when I come into Paradise, and more especially at the number of ladies I expect to sing there over me. While I, although there can be no fear of my being shocked, might easily find no interest at all in those enjoyments which you expect to have in your Paradise. Just the same must it be with the Jews, too. A Jew is brought up in a certain kind of ideas, which it is hardly possible to eradicate if they have been properly planted in him. You may expect to convert only the indifferent man, or one who has a material benefit to expect from accepting your belief ; and in both these cases it is scarcely worth while taking the trouble.

Besides this, if you convert a Jew, you will not support him in his struggle for life, as his late co-religionists would have done. Having remodelled him according to your fancy, you will throw him into what you call the open market of labour, where he is sure to meet his former co-believers, who will persecute him row much

more eagerly than they would otherwise have supported him. And there is, therefore, ample chance for his immediate return to the old persuasion, unless he is a very rich man who changes his religion only for the sake of getting easier into Parliament, or into high life.

A report, which a reverend gentleman read at the meeting, stated how many Jews have been baptised all over the world during the past year. It was rather detailed, and I am sorry I have not noted all the numbers given. But, as far as I remember, it was in some instances as many as two or three, in one instance it seemed to be a dozen. At all events the total number was not very large, and absolutely nothing was stated as to how many of this not very large number still remained Protestant, and how many got back to Judaism. At the same time the income of the society has been given as amounting to £33,879 3s. 6d., and the expenditure to £31,232 os. 1d. I should be inclined to think that the total number of converted Jews was $31\frac{1}{2}$, in which case each convert would cost England £1000; and supposing even that this number was $310\frac{1}{2}$, each convert would cost £100. Now, to be fair and business-like towards the subscribers, an account should certainly have been given of how many out of these dearly purchased converts can be expected to remain in stock.

Still, if you were carrying on this expensive enterprise only at home, one would not mind, as, after all, this money would remain in the country. But you spend it abroad as well, and the Jews in Turkey and in Asia Minor are much more troubled than those residing in

the City. The meeting passed, for instance, the resolution of "reoccupying Damascus as a mission station, regarding the present continued liberality of the Ottoman Government towards European residents as a loud call for extended efforts among the many thousands of Jews dwelling in that vast and important empire." I should think that if there really is a "continued liberality towards European residents, in that vast and important empire," it would be much better to turn it to some advantage with regard to the increase of peace and safety in the Orient, rather than to that of the number of converted Jews, especially after your having had a long experience that Protestantism constantly fails in the East, as the fanciful Eastern imagination cannot adapt itself to this reflective and talkative religious form. You may say that this does not apply to the Jews, but only to the wretched Armenians, Greeks, and kindred peoples, who prefer Catholicism or Orthodoxy. But at all events it bears upon the chief question of throwing money away for a purpose from which no benefit can be expected. If you think that to convert a few Eastern Jews to Protestantism is a Christian work, one would have the right to think that a much more Christian work would be to spend this money upon the poor of the very same Church, whose microscopical progress in the East you are paying so dearly for. With £31,000 a year there would be ample means for sending 5,000 destitute emigrants to the colonies, or for paying the schooling of something like 12,000 children; and as far as a Turk is allowed

to understand the teaching of Christianity, I think that such employment of money would be a far less illiberal liberality than that to which such colossal sums have been annually devoted for sixty-two years by the ladies and gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of seeing at Exeter Hall.

Then there is another point, again, which makes the whole thing still more awkward, and that is that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews seems not to be the only one. Almost every religious denomination existing in this country tries to do, one way or the other, the same thing, and to throw away still more money; and the result of this competitive action can naturally be only to confuse people who are presumed to be enlightened. A few weeks before this meeting an Indian reformer, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, just arrived in England, was thanking Englishmen for what they had done for India in matter of civilization, and pointing out what they do in matter of religion. At a meeting held in his honour, he emphatically stated that—

There are so many sections into which Christians are divided—so many different kinds of doctrines, ceremonies, and rituals professed and practised by those calling themselves Christians—that the natives of India are confounded and perplexed when they are asked to solve the problem:—which of them ought to be accepted. No sooner are the natives taught by one sect, than the missionaries of another sect come and teach something else. The minds of the people are thus unsettled, and the great work of evangelisation is hindered. The object of his visit to England was

to study Christianity, as exemplified in the daily life of the people of this country. He sincerely wished that Englishmen would abstain from sending into India so many people who retarded rather than advanced the great cause. For one genuine Christian in India who conscientiously discharged his duty, there are ten who, by their conduct, do all they can to neutralise his influence. You ask me (he added) why Christian missions have proved a failure in India? You have yourselves to blame for that. We in India attach greater importance to righteous living than to pure doctrine, and the fact that men professing to be Christians have exhibited corruption in their lives has told mightily against the destinies of my country. I wish from the depths of my heart that such men had never gone to India, for in that case the fair fame of England never would have been defiled.

Supposing even that the Jews are unable to make such statements with regard to the morals of those who promote Christianity among them, the question as to the confusion consequent on the competitive efforts of the various preachers must still remain the same; and it was a most curious incident that at this Indian meeting a Hebrew clergyman, Dr. Marks, came forward to point out to the representatives of the various Christian denominations, assembled on the platform, that they ought to remember that God is one God for all, and that there was no occasion for turning into enemies about merely shades of opinion. Probably anticipating the meeting of the 6th of May, he rebuked already on the 12th of April those clergymen who were working to eradicate his faith. He said to them that he did not know what Baboo Keshub had done or would do in

India, but he saw what he had already done in England—that ministers belonging to ten denominations, who were constantly quarrelling with each other, had been brought together on the same platform to give a friendly welcome to the representative of the Indian worshippers of the one God.

Which of the two showed a better understanding of the true meaning of religion—the Hebrew doctor, who spoke in the above sense, or the ladies and gentlemen who spend annually £31,232 *os.* 1*d.* with a view of interfering with the religious opinions of other people, it is not for a Turk to judge.

THE ATHEISTS OF ST. LUKE'S PARISH.

I.

TRULY speaking, the facts alluded to in the preceding paper do not look so strange when one resides for some time in England, and pays due attention to the general state of affairs in this country. The church and the clergy had and have here a power almost without parallel. Since the last Spanish revolution took place, there remains only one state which can be compared to England with regard to clerical power—that is Rome. I do not say that both cases are identical; I say only that they are akin in this respect, that the clergy of Rome, as well as the clergy of England, have succeeded in subjecting almost all practical things to religious notions. In both cases, although to a different extent, all feelings, thoughts, and actions of the people are regulated, not according to the real requirements of human nature and life, but to certain abstract prescription, the genuineness and intrinsic value of which scarcely anyone would be able to ascertain. The results of such proceedings were easy to

predicate ; but hardly anyone would expect to find them in such harmony with the causes which produced them. The stronger the action the more powerful the re-action ; the greater the might given to clerical ideas, the more intense and blind must have eventually become the opposition to them. So was it in the past, so is it in the present, and so must it unavoidably be in the future, if the order of things is not to be changed. And what is, perhaps, still more striking, is, that this opposition, which was always likely to come from the more obscure part of society is, it appears, coming thence.

Arbre ou peuple, toujours la force vient d'en bas,
La sève humaine monte et ne redescend pas !

That such must have been, and is, the case in Rome, English people know and acknowledge ; occasionally they even speak of it in a sarcastic tone. But that the same thing is very likely to take place in England they would never be willing to perceive. Even if quite palpable symptoms of this nature show themselves, they would disavow their existence, or explain it in such a way as to deceive both themselves and others. The members of the Government, the upper classes, and, beyond all, the press, avoid all contact with the people, properly speaking. They pay attention to the voice of the mass only when it is utterly impossible to do otherwise. But the spirit of the mass, its tendencies, the direction of its development—all this seems to be regarded as unworthy of attention, for it is constantly presumed that these sort of things can be regulated by

prescription of law, as well as by the general social arrangements. No doubt to a certain extent it is so; but there is a limit which, being once arrived at, is easily transgressed; and no regulation of law can stop the progress of ideas when they have once overstepped this limit. The majority even of the most acute Englishmen, and those who are presumed to know well the state of the popular mind in England, still suppose that the religious element is exceedingly strong among the mass in this country. Yet this is by no means the case. It may be that in Ireland and Scotland, say even in the more old fashioned counties of England, religion still has the upper hand over the mind of the people. But in the great towns of England (and the populations of the great towns have always and everywhere had the final determining voice in matters of ideas), there is very little of what can be justly called religion. It may be said that there is still more of it than on the Continent. True; but that would not prove that there is much; and what I wish to say here is only that the social rules, as well as the regulations of the law, are there much more in harmony with the state of popular feeling than here. In the upper, in the middle, as well as in the working classes in England, there is undoubtedly a certain small amount of really religious people; but then this part does not require to be regulated in its feelings or thoughts, for they are so sincere that they would remain religious even if all the laws of the country were thoroughly atheistic. Besides this small portion of society, there is a very large one of bigots and

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hypocrites, whom the present social and legal arrangements render only worse and more hurtful. Then there is almost as large an amount of indifferents, whom those arrangements only tire without in the least training them. Then, of course, comes, as everywhere, a certain amount of brutes, equally unfit either to believe or to think. And, finally, stands the constantly growing body of people who, having been previously believers or indifferent, have been brought by the excess of clerical power into an open opposition to religion. In the Protestant part of Germany, this last category of people is undoubtedly larger in number. But then there is this capital difference, that there philosophy and natural sciences took the place of religion; knowledge was there substituted for faith; while in England all knowledge which was likely to influence religious feeling has been, if not utterly suppressed, at least deliberately kept in the background. The greatest philosophers of our age are Englishmen, so are the greatest naturalists, too; and notwithstanding this their teaching is incomparably less known in England than on the Continent. They are too deeply and too seriously engaged in their pursuits to have the leisure for popularising their views themselves, and there is no one here to do it for them; while on the Continent hundreds of their pupils work daily and nightly for the propagation of what in England is carefully preserved within the walls of the Royal Institution. The result was only what it must have been. While in Germany, in Italy, in France, and even in Russia, unbelief steps, protected by science,

out of the university door, in England it creeps out of some dark and noisy meeting hall. Week by week, in all the large towns of England, men who have not even that knowledge which is required from the last boy of a *Real Schule* in Germany, deliver atheistic speeches to hundreds of working men, and the coarser their language, the greater the audacity of their ignorance, and the more personal their attacks against the clergy, the more are they applauded. I have often been present at such discourses, and should be able to give facts in the possibility of which I would never have believed if I had not witnessed them myself. In a dozen places in London, one can see on Sunday evenings the most ignorant men preaching to a most ignorant audience a kind of atheism to which something similar could be heard only in the darkest gatherings of a Parisian mob at the close of the last century. Respectable Englishmen will probably say, "those dirty nests ought not to be mentioned at all." But this is a thoroughly wrong opinion, for the audiences of these "nests" are constantly growing larger and larger, and in some cases I could not find access to a hall capable of containing over 1000 men. What is going on at such meetings will be clearly seen by one which took place for two consecutive nights last March, at a place bearing the curious name of "New Hall of Science," and situated in Old Street, City Road.

It was a discussion between Mr. G. J. Holyoake and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the two ablest of the popular orators. Mr. Holyoake, besides this, enjoys, as far as I

know, a most honourable reputation, if not for the nature of his^o opinions, at least for their sincerity, for which he paid by several months' imprisonment, 30 years ago. The position of Mr. Bradlaugh is somewhat different, and I know that a good many readers may shrink from this book for the sole reason of Mr. Bradlaugh being mentioned; but this will not be a proof that Mr. Bradlaugh has no influence amongst the English mass, nor that this influence is not growing every day stronger and stronger. And as, in this instance, I do not express my sympathies or antipathies, but merely state a matter of fact, I think I shall be much more right in speaking of this subject at the risk of losing a few readers, than in avoiding it from literary cowardice.

The discussion took place with a view to ascertain whether "the principle of Secularism included Atheism," and, "whether secular criticism involved Scepticism." The two questions were each the subject of a whole evening's discussion; but as the first solves the second, we may confine ourselves chiefly within the limits of the discussion of the first night. I must avow that I could never make out what "Secularism" means. I have attended many meetings upon the subject, read many pamphlets, and a whole article in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. I acquired some slight notions about what the Bishop of Peterborough and the Rev. Mr. Caldecott have said concerning the matter; yet the thing still remained to me an enigma. It would appear that the word was invented by Mr. Holyoake about a quarter

of a century ago, and that it means a kind of theory which insists upon earthly things being managed in an earthly, and not a heavenly way. But as this theory appeared very old to me, I was greatly interested to hear what could possibly be said more on this subject, and to ascertain what could be the reason of the desire to speak about it. The reason would seem to be, if plainly stated, the obvious unwillingness of a number of people in this country to live any longer under what they consider to be unnatural in English regulations. As to the ways for attaining this desire, there appear to be two schools, the one represented by Mr. Bradlaugh, and assuming the absolute necessity of propagating Atheism; the other represented by Mr. Holyoake, and asserting that the principles of Secularism do not include Atheism.

II.

MR. HOLYOAKE opened the debate by saying that Parliament was now occupied in adjusting a system of national education, and that the greatest impediment in the way of its being made secular is the prevalence of the misconception that Secularism necessarily involves Atheism. The speaker has for a long series of years insisted upon the distinction between the two theories. Secularism (he said) was not proposed as a new name for old freethinking, or for an antagonistic and oft-times ferocious Atheism, but as a new name for a new form of Free

thought. It intends to set up principles of nature in place of those of theology, and to found, *if possible*, (I like very much this "if possible") a kingdom of reason for those who find the kingdom of faith inadequate and unreliable. In every generation of men there have been original thinkers, with whom alone progress has had birth, but who, owning themselves no allegiance save to truth, have been subjected to the resentment of all who, from ignorance, or custom, or fear, think as their neighbours think. In addition to these, a dangerous class has arisen and established itself in every country, who, assuming to be the delegates of God and his sole representatives, have charged individual conviction with guiltiness and met its expression with intimidation, both opprobrious and penal. Against these combined forces of folly and fatuity, of policy and presumption, there is no defence except by entrenchment within the absolute and impassable barrier of secular truth, which Mr. Holyoake expressed thus:—1. Secularism maintains the sufficiency of Secular reason for guidance in human duties. 2. The adequacy of the Utilitarian rule which makes the good of others the law of duty. 3. That the duty nearest at hand and most reliable in results, is the use of material means, tempered by human sympathy, for the attainment of social improvement. 4. The sinlessness of well-informed sincerity. 5. That the sign and condition of such sincerity are—Frcethought—expository speech—the practice of personal conviction within the limits of neither outraging nor harming others. But if you

separate, he said, yourself from anything it does not mean that you deny it. To go one way is not to deny that there may be to other persons another way. To travel by land is not to deny the water. The geologist does not keep a singing class, but he does not deny music. What therefore the Secularist concerns himself with, is this world, without denying or discussing any other world, either the origin of this, or the existence of that. Atheism still has its place and still its unfinished work. A Secularist may occasionally be an Atheist, but it is not absolutely necessary that he should go so far. A Secular Society may have a theological department as well as an Atheistical one, if it likes these matters to be discussed. If it likes to have a department for making loud and demonstrative speeches, let it even have a howling department. But what the Secularist wishes, is that secular subjects should be treated in a secular way.

Mr. Bradlaugh (he said), like the old Freethinker, is overwhelmed by the priests. They dominate over his mind. He cannot attend to the affairs of this life in an independent manner; he must be always assaulting them, and paying them the homage of his attention, and condescending to criticise them. I treat such of them as are vicious adversaries in a far more dangerous way. I propose to ignore them. Mr. Bradlaugh takes the view of Dr. Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, who holds that the Secular is Atheistic. I hold the opinion of Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, that the Secular is not even irreligious. If you wish to accomplish develop-

ment and progress, with your Secular Societies, keep your principles distinct. Then it would be possible to have societies of ten times the strength and ten times the number, and they would never be saddled with any other responsibility than that which they consent to accept. To concentrate the powers of Secular societies mainly for the inculcation of those matters which are material, is essential. Then we shall need no longer the consolation of the priest, because we shall anticipate his consolation by getting rid of the evil upon which he would console us. If the world is first to be cleared, if we are not to get rid of the delusion that there is no room in this world for new truths until you have swept away with a big besom every theological error in it, when will you begin to reform the world? This broom reform is one of those delusions, one of those figures of speech of which an untrained mind seems to be full. Has the world no opening, no thought, no care, no thirst for some new light, some new view? A man rests in superstition in which he has been reared, because another man has not shown him a clearer, better, brighter, and purer way. What said Dr. Hooker, when President of the British Association? What a splendid view did he not present to the great assembly there, when he said, in substance, "There is this vast kingdom of science, we who are philosophers and students are masters of it. We have won it in spite of the Church. We have won it without their consent. We have won it in spite of their opposition; and now we hold it independently of them. The

priest may speak with authority upon those subjects communicated to him in the domain of theology; the wonders of this world, its mysteries and its marvels are ours. With the science we have used we have conquered these secrets; they are our own. No priest can call them in question as against us; no priest can be heard on them, because on this subject they have no knowledge, because they speak without authority, and no man ventures to rely on what they say." How, asked Mr. Holyoake, was science won? Did philosophers sweep the world first? Did they enter the lists against every warring theologian? Did they not conquer in silence, peace, and patience? And though I am as ready as any man to come face to face with theologians, and not shrink from them, yet I think it is impolicy and impotence not to see the distinction between these things, not to have one time for one thing, and another time for another, and to devote the larger portion of your exertions to giving information in a world always willing and waiting to receive it. I see a good deal of priests. I know the encouragement they take from many of the speeches Mr. Bradlaugh delivers. He serves to make their spiritual fortune, and to make their flocks gather round them more closely than ever. Priests would be more than human if they could, without pride, hear his almost frantic proclamations of the strength of their efforts; aggrandising their powers; proclaiming their might; declaring that until the Bible is displaced no progress can be made; and devoting all his energy to their destruction. Mr. Bradlaugh, with all his zeal and

appeals, finds that all London can do to-day is to put up this kind of place in which Secularists now meet, opposite a lunatic asylum, where people—so the enemy says—naturally expect to find them.

III.

THEN stepped forth Mr. Bradlaugh and began by saying that his opponent had certainly great right to be heard from that platform ; but notwithstanding all his respect for him, he could not agree with him, as he did not see any ground that can be taken independently of Theism or Atheism. Theism, if it claims anything, claims to be everywhere, and how could you take standing ground outside everywhere? The Theist claims that there is no phase of thought that is not determined by Deity ; how can you then make any way in Secularism at all? The preached ideas of God interfere with the babies in their cradle, with the children in their schools, with grown-up people in their churches and in their daily avocation of life. You are thus unavoidably obliged to destroy Theism to make way for Secularism. Mr. Holyoake says the Secularist's position is to substitute a kingdom of reason for those who have found faith impossible. Ah ! the Secularist finds the kingdom of faith impossible ; but what then is the difference between finding faith impossible and being an Atheist? Although at present

it may be true that all men who are Secularists are not as yet Atheists, it is also perfectly true (said the orator) that the logical consequences of Secularism must be that a man gets to Atheism if he has brains enough to understand anything at all. True that an enormous broom is wanted to sweep the whole world clean from errors, and true it is that the man who pretends to do this is a mad-man; but he may sweep a little portion of it. Each falsehood that you knock out of a man's head, leaves room for a truth to be placed there; and the speaker had made it his duty for the last eighteen years to knock out falsehoods from human heads.

What does Mr. Holyoake say? (pursued Mr. Bradlaugh). "You must not treat the Bible so: there are grand passages, great truths, sentences of pure morality. Let me go through it and take what I want, and pass by what I do not want." That is what the theologian will not let you do. You must believe all to be God's word. You challenge the book, and you challenge the evidence; because until you have challenged the book, and until you have challenged the evidence, the book and the alleged evidence are both barriers entirely in the way of Secular advocates. The priests shelter themselves behind their theological theories, they shelter themselves behind their Bible, they shelter themselves behind their Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and Paul, and unless you show that this evidence is false, unless you show how this Christianity is bolstered up by fraud and forgery, unless you tear the text to pieces, you cannot compel them, as we have compelled them, to

give way in a thousand directions. There are so many who are taught from the beginning, that this book, this Bible, is unquestionably true, and it is bolstered up with such an enormous mass of what is alleged to be evidence in its favour, that you are compelled, in order to get at these people at all, to raise doubts in their minds as to the value of Christian evidence. Mr. Holyoake says Secularism has nothing to do with Atheism, any more than geology has to do with chemistry. Geology is one department, chemistry is another. Secularism is one department, theology another. But suppose the chemist said to the geologist, you must not break the rock with your hammer; you must not go down to examine the strata—you must believe as I shall explain it: there is water, under that the fire, then granite, then brimstone, and you must not examine it at all. The geologist would have to say to the chemist, I must get rid of your chemistry, I need to examine the earth, and I must examine it.

We have not done (said the speaker) all we should like to do, but we are doing more every day, and instead of discouraging men and talking of negative work, instead of telling them there is independent ground when there is not, tell them what the truth is—tell them that Church, Chapel, Bishop, Rector, Independent Minister, would all unite to crush our Freethought if they could. Tell them we must carry the war into every church and chapel. Where will you take your Secularism—into the agricultural districts—without the advantages of the negative men? Go to Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and

Devonshire—you will not get the independent ground. You can only get the work done when we have knocked the Bible leaves off the eyes of the people. Talk of the Social Science Association devoting themselves to the work of Freethought! But to make it possible, such men as Carlile and Paine went to gaol, and laid the foundation for those associations which are now acting on their principles. Just the same as Mr. Holyoake himself and Charles Southwell, going to gaol, paved the way for the Sunday lectures, which are now being heard in St. George's Hall and other places. Would the bishops have admitted in Convocation the errors in the Bible, had it not been that infidels from one end of the country to the other, had rung the thing in their ears, until it was impossible to deny them? The clergy never made this concession willingly, they have made it with the utmost reluctance. The thing which to-day bishops say, men like Mr. Holyoake, men like Charles Southwell, men like Richard Carlile, and others before them, repeated over and over again, when they were absolutely denied, and when, in fact, to repeat the words of a great writer, the Bible was the centre from which all investigation was compelled to start, the circle within which all investigation was limited. And if we have chosen other starting points to-day, if we have a wider circle in which the students and teachers of science can travel to-day, it is no thanks to the clergy. It is only after repeated challenges and renewed struggles, after innumerable martyrdoms and persecutions, that heresy has succeeded in making way for science. Again and again has the

Church been beaten back, and now it pretends to have nursed and cherished science, when truly it blindfolded and gagged it. Nor is this scepticism merely negation. You cannot destroy the habit of faith in the attributes of Deity without building up the thinking faculties of man. You cannot destroy the belief in the constant interference of the Theist's Providence, without teaching that there is very much more useful work for human providence to do.

It is said (continued Mr. Bradlaugh) we are not to impute bad motives to our opponents, and not to impugn their sincerity. Is that so? Suppose we find our opponents absolutely false. Suppose I am of opinion, as in the case of Tischendorff, that he invented the manuscripts which he professed to have found at Sinai; am I not right in giving my reason why I think so, and imputing it to him, while I feel that the production of this MS. unchallenged, will be a piece of evidence that will shake the minds of the people with whom I come in contact? I am bound to impute bad motives if I feel they ought to be imputed. I have no fair words with empty meanings, and I only outrage those who deserve the outrage for their manifold stupidity; and I feel that the cause for which Robert Owen worked so hard, for which Carlile went to gaol, for which Paine wrote so manfully, for which men were burnt a long time ago,—I feel that that cause is now making its way, and in a few years will stand in equal rank at least with any other party in the country. I feel in a few months we shall tear from the statute-book the infamous Blas-

phemy Laws that have laid on it so long. I know there is strength enough in our party now to back me up in every effort I may make in dealing with these things. The Bishop of London and those about him are already obliged to come and ask for assistance of funds to counteract Infidelity, and from one end of the land to the other there are woeful lamentations. Mr. Stanhope, at a meeting in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was pleased to say that he found us the most active and energetic reformers in the country. He called us the most dangerous. Why? Because we were doing good work. Certain persons think still that we are disorganised; but we can send something like a hundred petitions to the House of Commons in favour of any measure we desire to support. We are so disorganised, that within three days I will undertake to have all the principal towns of England and Scotland placarded with any particular placard which it is desired to have brought before the notice of the people. We are so disorganised, that there is not a large town, not a village in England, not a large town in the south of Scotland, and not many in the north, not many in the south-west of Ireland, and up to Dublin, that within four or five days I could not have any kind of communication placed by the members of the Secular Society, in the hands of the clergymen of those towns. I am not speaking of what could be done. I am speaking of what has been done during the last few years. Our organisation has been such that we have played a part in the political action of the country which has made itself felt. We are not as

well prepared as the clergy; we have not the means or the wealth; and we fight under great disadvantage. In Coventry, in Stratford, the mayors refused the halls. But you know how I always met these things. When we are refused in that way, and when local friends desire it, I make my strongest speech in the most convenient place, in the market place, and then I let them see that it can be done, and how futile their opposition is. The strength we have won for the Freethought party to-day is far greater than it was twelve years ago. I have this year received declarations from clergymen of the Church of England, who consult me on the question of relinquishing the Church and taking their position on our platform. We do not hold our weaknesses out in public for the other side to peck at; but we teach and train one another so that we may show our strength to the enemy. We must oppose theology, as we must wage war on the Church. We must strip the Bible of that reverence to which it has no title. So long as foolish people believe of a particular part that Moses wrote it, they take it as true and treat it with the respect due to its supposed author. So long as foolish people believe that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote it, they treat it with greater deference than they would a passage from Shakespeare, Byron, or Shelley. I want to put the Bible on the same level as other books—not on the same level really, because it is not good enough to be on the same level as the works of some of the world's greatest writers. As far as the Old Testament is concerned, there is little evidence in it of the grand passages

and pure morality of which my opponent speaks. Written in the Hebrew language, it never had the scope of the old Greek writings, so that, in its oldest form, it never had the force and power pleaded for it. What I do urge upon him is, that unless he says much more, he ought not, as a Freethought lecturer, to tell the people that the Bible contains passages of purity, and of goodness, and of truth. So does the Koran. The Bible, like the Koran, is a book that dominates millions, and the general teachings of it, and of the Koran, have been equally mischievous to the millions whom they dominated. What will the clergy do? They take every certificate they get from men like Mr. Holyoake as to the Bible, and hold it as an admission of its value. He will mislead the workers among the flock, and prevent them becoming the strong and active workers he would wish. It is no use saying, ignore the clergy. You cannot talk of ignoring St. Paul's Cathedral: it is too high. You cannot talk of ignoring the Religious Tract Society: it is too wealthy. You cannot talk of ignoring Oxford and Cambridge Universities: they are too well endowed. They command too many parties to enable you to ignore their power, but you may strive to crush it out a little at a time. You cannot strike all errors effectually at once, but you can strike at some, and encourage others to strike too. The upas tree of religion overspreads the whole earth; it hides with its thick foliage of Churchcraft the rays of truth from mankind, and we must cut at its root and strip away its branches, that reason's rays may go

shining through, and give fertility to the human soil long hidden from their genial warmth.

IV.

SUCH was the language of the speakers. The reader may abhor it if he likes, but he can neither disavow it nor disregard it; for it begins to be a force. Mr. Bradlaugh said, in the course of his speech, that if Secularism does not include Atheism, then he, being an Atheist, sees himself excluded from the Secularists. I don't know whether the exclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh from the Secularists would be a great loss for them; but I am sure that Secularism itself would be easily excluded from the hosts of "isms" already on foot. Happily enough, this new "ism" is so exclusively English that it cannot pass to any other country; but I do not see any use in Englishmen themselves preserving it. It must fall of itself on the day when the leaders of English opinion and the composers of English laws will be brought to understand that religious matters gain enormously by being left to themselves. No occasion would then be given for discussion like this, and for the constant growth of the body of Secularists or Bradlaughists. Many Continental nations, considered far less wise and civilised than England, have taken this course, and are not the worse for it. People eat their new bread on Sundays, they even go to the theatres, and neither life, property, nor morals have suffered for it;

and this is all which a State has to look after. I challenge any one to find out throughout the whole of Europe anything similar to the Hall of Science of St. Luke's Parish. Atheists and unbelievers are strong and numerous everywhere; but they have long ago given up the practice of appearing in public with phrases like those of Mr. Bradlaugh, and with the openly declared intention of eradicating religious feeling from the most ignorant part of society, to which absolutely no knowledge is given instead of the faith which is taken away. Englishmen did their best to check the spread of Darwinism, and they have the satisfaction of possessing, instead of it, Secularism and Bradlaughism; and I find it only just and well-deserved. Up to this day, when a really great Englishman is chosen to preside over an English scientific association, (as was the case last autumn) a question arises whether it is quite proper to allow him to take the chair on account of his religious views being suspected by the clergy. Now, if, for this sort of reason, you persistently keep your truly great men in a venerable background, you must not mind if smaller or quite little ones come creeping out, and a foreigner has only to wonder that they are not more numerous. You may be completely sure that if you go on in your old way, the thousands by which the atheists of St. Luke's and kindred parishes are to be reckoned now will shortly be numbered by tens and hundreds of thousands. And you will have no right to complain of this, for one reaps only what he sows.

IN SEARCH OF GAROTTERS.

I MUST apologise for my having been so dull and sermonising in the preceding paper; but in the first place, I thought the subject was by no means one to laugh at, and in the second, I knew that Englishmen do not in the least object either to dulness or sermonising—on the contrary, they dearly like that. But as they might take the fancy to object to a foreign import of the same goods, I was anxious to select an antidote which would set matters to rights as far as possible. I knew that after dulness and sermons, nothing pleases the ladies and gentlemen of this country so much as nice stories of murderers, robbers, and garotters, and I was therefore anxious to give at once the only paper I had on this kind of subject. I hope it will be found sensational enough.

. You remember what a nice winter and spring you had this year. There was no possibility of going out for anybody but a thorough business Englishman.

Les saisons ne savaient que faire,
Et la malheureuse atmosphère
Expirait sous les rhumes de cerveau.

The second Sunday in April was the first supportable day, and I immediately attempted to turn it to some account by going as far as I could with a friend of mine, an Italian gentleman, who, having had ample experience with his own brigands, entertained a peculiar interest in English garotters, and spoke to me several times of his desire to learn how these gentlemen operated. He had so long annoyed me with this subject that I decided to undertake an expedition with a view to meet some members of this profession. Consequent on this, we left the West-end in the afternoon by steamer from Charing Cross, and went to the most disreputable quarter of the East-end, landing at Tunnel Pier, and walking thence through an endless amount of small streets and passages, of which respectable Englishmen have probably no idea at all. One of the streets attracted our particular attention. We thought garotters must chiefly reside there, for the street bore the fairly written inscription of Labour-in-Vain Street. As it is situated among numerous docks, in which the greatest activity prevails during the week, and as we supposed that a man is not likely often to become a garotter unless he has for a long time resided in a thoroughfare of this description, we walked up and down that street three or four times, but met nobody except a few children in rags and two or three dogs. And in the whole of our stroll of more than an hour, we met only half-a-dozen sailors and one policeman. All the rest of the neighbourhood was thoroughly empty, and as if it had died out. We gave up the idea of finding what we

wanted, and, arrived at Ratcliff Cross, saw the inscription of "East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women." We were tired, and did not see any resting-place, except a small public-house, which was closed. We resolved to call at this hospital in our capacity of "distinguished foreigners," who, as it is well-known, are always admitted everywhere where Englishmen themselves have great difficulty to get in. A smart-looking nurse let us in, without offering the slightest objection from a Sunday point of view, and asked us only to wait a moment until she called for the house-surgeon. A young gentleman then appeared, almost as quickly as we heard the nurse running up-stairs, and immediately proposed to us to walk with him round the place, which I can neither call an institution nor even a building, for it is an old, half-ruined warehouse, transformed by a few honest Englishmen into something like an earthly paradise for sick little children of the poorest and the most wretched families. About eighteen months ago a great pen of England described these walls, and I should not have the courage to do it after him. This is what he said :—

"I found the Children's Hospital established in an old sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature, and on the simplest means. There were trap-doors in the floors where goods had been hoisted up and down ; heavy feet and heavy weights had started every knot in the well-trodden planking ; inconvenient bulks and beams and awkward staircases perplexed my passage through the wards. But I found it airy, sweet, and clean. In its seven-and-thirty beds I saw but little beauty, for starvation in the second or third generation

takes a pinched look ; but I saw the sufferings both of infancy and childhood tenderly assuaged. I heard the little patients answering to pet playful names ; the light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the wasted sticks of arms for me to pity ; and the claw-like little hands, as she did so, twined themselves lovingly around her wedding-ring. Coloured prints, decorating the wards, are plentiful ; a charming wooden phenomenon of a bird, with an impossible top-knot, who ducked his head when you set a counter-weight going, had been inaugurated as a public statue that very morning ; and trotting about among the beds, on familiar terms with all the patients, was a comical mongrel dog, called Poodles. This comical dog (quite a tonic in himself) was found characteristically starving at the door of the Institution, and was taken in and fed, and has lived here, ever since. An admirer of his mental endowments has presented him with a collar bearing the legend, 'Judge not Poodles by external appearances.' He was merrily wagging his tail on a boy's pillow when he made his modest appeal to me."

If anybody had told me that Mr. Charles Dickens had written the paper out of which I have taken these lines, I would never have trusted it, for I should have thought that, after reading this paper, Englishmen would not allow the hospital to remain where it now is. Not only is there not room enough, but no kind of necessary accommodation can be provided for the very elementary needs of such an establishment. The fresh air, for instance, can only be got in through the windows being constantly open in the wards where are lying little patients with all kinds of diseases, including bronchitis. There are no doors in the wards, and the staircase coming directly from under the floor, there is necessarily

a permanent draught. I called the attention of the house-surgeon to this, and his answer was, "We carry on the work chiefly on the principle of having as much fresh air as possible, and we must unavoidably take with it the chance of having certain cases aggravated by cold. There is nothing to do against this." Besides this, the greater part of the building is made of wood, and the miserable wooden staircases would burn up like straw in case of fire. What, then, would be the fate of all the children lying in a helpless state on the second and third floors—I leave the reader to imagine.

All that human efforts can do has been done in this hospital. But there is a most desperate want of means. I heard that some time ago they were reduced to one pound and a few shillings of funds, and were about to close; and now, although they consider themselves in a comparatively flourishing state, according to their last report the whole of their available balance is 111*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* With such a sum there is nothing to think about removing to some more suitable spot; and yet removal is indispensable. A medical man appears to have written somewhere, that there is no want "of such a place as that, when the older hospitals need funds to carry them on; much better give the money to them and send the children to Great Ormond Street, or any other hospital." No doubt that the hospital of Great Ormond Street is one of the most useful institutions; but how far the "much better" of that gentleman is considered "much better" by the people of the far East-end, is proved by the fact, that during the first fifteen months of the

existence of the hospital at Ratcliff Cross there were relieved 312 in-patients and 4,624 out-patients, and that now this number must be doubled. The hospital also fairly proves how practicable and reasonable is that kid-glove attempt of a certain number of ladies and gentlemen to abolish the Contagious Diseases Act. I should like some of them to go to the hospital to see there the number of children of all ages infected by this kind of diseases. If there exists a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, something at least similar should be established with regard to innocent human beings. The babies and children I saw there infected by these diseases, and especially a girl about twelve years of age, disfigured in her face and crippled in her legs, seemed to me to speak most eloquently, not only against all the arguments of the distinguished members of the new Ladies' Association, but in favour of establishing some totally different fresh association, having for its aim the prosecution of syphilitic parents.

But all these are abstract thoughts, to which one is brought by seeing the Children's Hospital, the concrete one being that money is badly wanted there. I was about to suggest to the readers of the fair sex to arrange some charitable performance, but am afraid to do so, since I received a letter from an unknown lady asking me to write some day on the following subject :—

“The shameful practice carried on under the guise of ‘Tableaux Vivans’ for charity, by amateurs, and those, some of our aristocracy, who ought to know better, and whose characters are supposed to be unblemished. One lady, who

has a good figure and some diamonds, is to be seen arrayed in flesh-coloured silk, in imitation, only too shamefully, of Eve's costume, and lying down on a sheet of looking-glass, with nothing on the fleshings but her jewels and a strip of gauze. The character represented was that of some nymph. Mothers take their daughters to see this shameless exhibition. Surely such things ought not to be."

We like very much in Turkey this kind of scenery ; but as the lady says "it ought not to be" I dare not propose it, and would suggest some less plastic entertainment, say, for instance, an eloquent evening *conference*, in which ladies having an inclination to read and speak in public would appear, supported, perhaps, by some male celebrities. A programme composed of a certain variety of subjects, as well as readers, would surely attract people enough to bring substantial aid to the hospital. And to procure this aid, so great was my desire and so little were my means, that I resolved to deceive the reader by the so highly-attractive title of the paper, and attempt now to do just the same by reprinting it. Attracted by the word "garotters" he is sure to read the paper ; having read it, he will, perhaps, pay a visit to Ratcliff Cross ; and if he pays this visit he will certainly give something to carry on the highly useful piece of work. Every pound given there will bring a hundred times as much good as a hundred pounds given for the conversion of Jews, or some similar purposes. I should especially recommend a visit to this hospital to foreigners, as it would best show them how the poorest thing is good in England, if it is done by good—and, above all, by reasonable—Englishmen.

COLLEGE CONSERVATISM.

A STUDENT of a continental university is and was almost always the representative of the most advanced Liberalism of his time. No pacific revolutions ever took place but which came out of the university or passed through it; and in all the bloody revolutions students were in the first ranks of the combatants. I do not say that this was right; I merely state a fact which, besides being a very conspicuous one, seems to be a very natural one; for extreme Liberalism implies a degree of enthusiasm, of disinterestedness, and of hopefulness which is not easily to be found in persons of mature age, and which, as a rule, is not easily to be preserved when a certain amount of experience has been accumulated. Where, indeed, would Liberalism or Radicalism be looked for if not on the benches of those colleges where various theories show what mankind did, expect to do, and ought to have done, and where real life has not shown yet anything of what it usually opposes to the realization of such theories? But in this, as in nearly all respects, England is not like other countries. A student of an English university has nothing to do with political

or social movements. He takes, perhaps, great interest in them; he might read and speak about them a good deal; but he is not a political person whose voice would be taken into consideration, still less one whose support would be looked for or whose animosity would be feared. And, supposing even that English life had given to the universities a more prominent political rôle, one does not know whether the whole influence of these bodies would not have been thrown into the Conservative rather than into the Liberal scale. So does it seem at least to foreigners, perhaps erroneously, and possibly because Conservatism is so much a component of English blood, and is so popular in this country, that it can always boldly step forward, while Liberalism must often hide itself out of fear of being identified with non-respectability. I happen to know a few old as well as young English university men as thoroughly Radical in all religious, social, and political questions as could be found anywhere; yet if they would express their opinions at all, it would be only on a quiet walk somewhere out of town, but never at their or your homes, still less in public. I don't again express any opinion as to whether this is good or bad, but merely state a fact which I know to be correct, and which has often greatly amused me.

An annual meeting of the University College Debating Society gave me a fresh proof that, even if there are really Liberal Englishmen at an English university, they are seldom to be seen or to be heard. Out of five young speakers who took part in the debate, one only was a

thorough Liberal, and that was a Hindoo gentleman. Three others were Liberals of the most moderate description, and one was a gentleman in whom the most extreme Tory of the House of Lords would have found the best imaginable private secretary. And what is still more characteristic of English life is that the most talented man was the Tory—at least when compared with the other Englishmen; for the very fact of a Hindoo gentleman being able to deliver in an English university a speech in perfect English on the subject of English politics implies a considerable amount of natural gifts. It is already a well known fact that the few Hindoo gentlemen who are to be met with as students in London, are all of them remarkably able and liberal men.

The meeting, held under the presidency of the Right Hon. Edward Horsman, M.P., had to decide whether the policy of the Government with respect to Ireland was satisfactory. Mr. F. Green, M.A., a moderate Liberal, opened the debate in the affirmative. Mr. J. Horne Payne, M.A.—whom I take the liberty to consider an able but very fierce Conservative—replied. In the first place, the subject itself seems to me as not quite fit for such a debate. It implies an amount of highly complicated practical knowledge which the speakers can scarcely have; and, on the other hand, the speeches delivered during such a debate neither express public opinion, nor influence it; so that the whole thing turns into an empty speechifying, of which there is already a good deal too much in England. The speakers alluded to some previous debates they had on the character of

the Emperor Napoleon and on the political rights of women, and expressed the hope of having thrown some new light on these subjects. Such topics seem to be more appropriate for a University Debating Society, especially if there is a chance of throwing some new light on them. Upon the first subject there are plenty of materials which an M.A. or a Senior Wrangler must be acquainted with; upon the second, there are no materials at all, but all who ever spoke or wrote about it, to begin with Mr. J. S. Mill and to end with some humble Turk, contented themselves with the arguments they could find in the depths of their respective consciousness, and there is no reason why debating university men should not do the same. But to discuss a question like that of English policy in Ireland without a due knowledge of all the facts and circumstances bearing upon this question is to exert oneself to form an opinion upon a subject upon which one ought to have no opinion at all, and to afterwards preserve this opinion the more obstinately, the more prematurely and less rightly it has been formed. To be sure, continental students would never have failed to form themselves an opinion on a kindred matter; but this opinion would probably be so Radical, so opposed to the general views, and so impracticable as to deprive it of any meaning at all. By-and-by life would have shown to the young enthusiasts that they asked and expected too much, and there would be ample chance for their going down to the right point. But a man of twenty years of age, who takes already on the university

bench a Conservative point of view upon any political or social question, does just as much as if he had seriously meant to sing—

Nel cor più non mi sento
Brillar la gioventù.

From ultra-Liberalism there is always a fair way down to reason and right; while from premature Conservatism there is seldom a way up to the same station. A young English ultra-Liberal would never be able to do harm to any one and would be always sure to be finally blown down to the right point. While a young English Conservative is always sure to be hurtful, for he only strengthens that immense body of Englishmen who think that old and good are synonymous.

Whether rightly or wrongly, in no country on the Continent would the young student approve the extraordinary legislation with regard to Ireland; while in England all the young men seem greatly to approve it, and one out of four I heard arguing added still more. According to Mr. J. Horne Payne, the Irish Church ought not to have been disestablished, the land laws ought not to have been changed, and no wrongs against Ireland ought to have been recognised. He said that the Irish Land Bill is the beginning of a total revolution in the law of property; that if to-day real property is attacked there is no reason why to-morrow personal property should not be so, too; that it is a spoliation of loyal people in favour of the disloyal, a violation of free contract, &c. &c. And only an Asiatic spoke as an average continental

young man would have spoken. Mr. Wadja explained to Mr. Horne Payne that there was no reason for frightening society with phrases concerning a revolution in the law of property or a violation of free contract. The State had always and everywhere the right to interfere with property, as well as with free contract, when the benefit of society at large required it. If he (Mr. Wadja) would have sold himself by a free contract into slavery to some of the gentlemen present, the State would have interfered, and nobody would have denied it this right. The fatal point of the relations between England and Ireland is that England was often wrong, and that she never took a step to redress these wrongs otherwise than under the dread of a civil war. People in Ireland accustomed themselves to view the matter in this light, and it is very difficult to undo now what has been done during centuries. Justice, honesty, and civilization are the only means by which something may be attained.

This was the language of the Asiatic gentleman, and being an Asiatic myself, I cannot help sympathising with him. The conclusion to which he came is somewhat vague, not very statesmanlike, and of no immediate practical value; but it will not be denied that it is much more liberal, much more student-like, and much more pleasant to listen to, than those arrived at by his opponents, expressing strong approbation or disapprobation of measures of which they are hardly able to ascertain the purport, and of which they are certainly unable to predict the consequences. Yet the sympathies of the audience were not, on the side of Mr. Wadja, and if he was

applauded—as in fact was every one of the speakers,—he was still more interrupted and objected to during his very able and obviously unprepared speech. This point of interrupting the speakers by all sorts of remarks and noisy approbation, as well as disapprobation, is a very weak point in the University College Debating Society. The noise made by the audience reached sometimes the limits of an uproar, and on the average transgressed those within which one is accustomed to see working men keeping themselves at their meetings in the East end. So that in matter of noise at least, if not in that of liberalism, English students appear to stand quite on the same level with their Continental brothers.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

I.

I WAS often told that ladies and the weather represent in northern countries two agencies especially appointed by Providence to weary men and make havoc of all their plans. I don't know yet how far it is true concerning ladies, but I soon saw that it was very correct concerning the weather, for during the whole of last autumn and winter there has hardly been any possibility of my going out more than once a week. This circumstance troubled all my prospects of further studying England, and confined me to an investigation of English views on foreign politics, as they appeared in a great quantity of old newspapers preserved in my landlady's cupboard upstairs, and in the new ones which I am supplied with of mornings. My inquiry would, however, have scarcely been completed yet, but for the fortunate circumstance of the opening of the Suez Canal just at that time, and of its thus giving birth to a great number of articles, in which English thoughts and feelings in political matters showed themselves as clearly as possible. Knowing all the adverse criticism, the opposition, and the animosity

with which the project of the canal has been received in England by everybody, to begin with Lord Palmerston and the greatest engineers, and to end with the least clerk in the City, one must have been naturally inclined to watch the press at a time when what was called the "Bubble Scheme" became a reality. But if the impatience of such watchers was great, their subsequent consternation must have been still greater. Any paper they may have taken last November contained the most detailed descriptions of the Suez festivals, attended by the splendid cortége of "imperial, royal, and illustrious voyagers," who came to witness the work of "the man of genius." All the papers acknowledged the work as being a really great one; but this acknowledgment was rendered with that reticence with which certain natures avow their faults when utterly unable to deny them.

It was admitted that England was unjust towards the projector, and wrong in her estimate of the project itself, yet the avowal still showed that spirit which was so often interpreted by the whole world as a product of English selfishness and English envy. To be sure, such an interpretation was not more correct than all the interpretations which assume in mankind a greater amount of wickedness than of weakness, and which do not perceive that human beings are not nearly so bad as they are foolish. The attitude taken by England towards the project of M. de Lesseps was simply a compound result of ignorance in the mass of the people, of misapprehension in technical men, and of political

cowardice in those distinguished persons to whom the great country has unhappily entrusted the conduct of its external affairs. But the greater may be a mistake of so complicated an origin, the less necessity seems there to be for persisting in it, especially if so much courage has been already mustered as to commence confessing that there was a mistake. Yet, judging by the newspapers for November last, everybody must think that England would still rejoice if the canal went wrong. Such is the idea conveyed, not only by vexatious questionings of all favourable statements, official as well as unofficial, but by the various declarations that the new route could in no way affect English trade, that it was an undertaking which would not pay, and finally that it was not unlikely that, the brilliant ceremony of the opening being over, it would be necessary to close the canal. And amongst such kind welcomes to the new and great product of human efforts, you find utterances of the following sort :—

Naturally enough, our countrymen have some difficulty in believing that a work so mighty, so daring, so wholly successful, has really been accomplished without English gold or English experience. But such is the state of the case Let us not be last in acknowledging a benefactor of humanity who does not happen to be born an Englishman We ought to do quickly whatever is to be done in this way After this, with the natural politeness of his countrymen, he (M. de Lesseps) will kindly perceive that when we said he "couldn't cut the canal," we did not know that he had British blood in him. That, of course, accounts for everything.—(*Daily Telegraph*, November 20, 1869.)

Every one will duly appreciate the beauty of such a passage, without my assistance. But other papers which one might consider as of a more happy organization, displayed nearly the same amount of originality. Two of these papers, representing the highest class of English liberalism and political intelligence, gave columns and columns of nothing but delight about the magnificence of the assemblage of Royalties and distinguished persons present at the opening of the canal. It was natural that hosts of Arabs and Nubians gathered at Ismailia, or at Port Said, and seeing the passage of the brilliant cortége through the canal on which they had bestowed long years of their work, should have experienced some pleasure in beholding what they must have thought a homage paid to them by such high personages. But what had Englishmen, quietly sitting in London, to busy themselves with the brilliancy of Majesties which they did not see and which were not even their own? Where is, then, the old pride of English freemen, their old wisdom, and their old patriotism? In former times the first thing which would occur to an Englishman would be to put a finger in the pie. Now they delight in foreign Royalties, keep their own Royalty at home shooting, and—where other nations are represented by nothing short of the bearers of the crown themselves—England sends only two ships which go ashore. All this may be very pleasant for a change, but how, then, about the possible results of the new route for England and for its people? Nothing of the kind was spoken of. The English press did not want to worry itself with any such thoughts, for they appeared

troublesome, and it was far pleasanter to conjecture that the canal would not be deep enough, although it was distinctly stated by all sorts of correspondents that almost everywhere it carried over twenty feet, and although it was known that many of the steamers going to India draw only fifteen,—that the *Great Eastern* itself, with the entire Atlantic cable on board, drew only about thirty feet.

One of these newspapers went so far as to argue that the route through the canal is exposed to 'competition with the Euphrates Valley line, which is as yet not even projected, and which will eternally present the necessity of transshipment. It said that the canal, as regards the conveyance of passengers and mails, will be at a disadvantage in competing with the Suez railway already existing, although the canal was never intended merely for carrying letters, samples, and particularly valuable cargoes, such as the Indian officers and nabobs travelling to or from Calcutta or Madras. These kind of loads may continue to take the Overland Mail, but the great bulk of goods, as well as the majority of passengers, will surely find the canal more advantageous. It was expressed, too, that "the amount of charges which must be paid before any profit is earned from the canal" will exceed £800,000, and that, therefore, it is not likely that the shareholders will have any dividend; while M. de Lesseps stated that the whole working expenses and repairs will together require only £400,000 a year, that it is most likely that more than double that sum will form the receipts of the first year, and that, besides this,

the best efforts were made to have a guarantee of 5 per cent. for the shareholders from the Egyptian Government.

A still greater amount of scepticism and spirit of detraction than that evinced by the English press was displayed towards the new route only by the Dutch press, unfolding thus the curious fact that the two countries to whom alone the canal could be disadvantageous, if they do not exert some additional energy, acted both in positively the same way. I remember, when I was a child, I saw some picture of a very big bird with its head under its wing, as my governess explained, on account of some peril. This picture reappeared in my memory with all the vivacity of its first impression, when I was reading these papers. I am quite willing to suppose that this reappearance of the big bird was purely accidental; but if the motives prompting Englishmen in these vexatious questionings must not be attributed to the fear that the canal will be hurtful to England, and to their inability to prevent this hurtfulness, to what then must it be attributed? For their attitude towards the canal was certainly not such as could be expected from so great a people towards so great a work. Englishmen are not shareholders in the canal, consequently they had no dividends to care about; they are not forced to pass through the canal if they see that the quantity of water is insufficient; and the difficulties the work presented having been overcome in a manner exceeding all expectation, so adverse a criticism of a great undertaking which consumed more than ten years' work of many

thousands of people, has no justification whatever, and may only lead to a very awkward result. Suppose, for instance, that in a few years the canal should prove to work quite successfully, and even to pay a dividend. Would not then a man taking by chance an English newspaper for November 1869, be very much astonished at seeing that Englishmen had opened, almost at the same time as the Suez Canal, a certain Holborn Viaduct, that a fearful fuss was made about this "most magnificent work in the world," and that its pillars (I mean of the viaduct, not of the world) cracked on the very day of opening, while the Suez Canal, abused during ten years and assailed by various sceptical predictions, exhibited no kind of "cracks" whatever? I don't say that it will precisely be so; but I should think that with a view to avoid such an eventuality it would be far better to take a somewhat different attitude, if not towards English works considered to be great, at least towards great works which cannot be considered English.

That the liberal daily press may have fallen, on this occasion, into an awkward position appears quite natural; for it seems to be a part of the business of liberal journalism of all countries to fall from time to time into awkward positions; but in other quarters, too, things were not standing better. There is an English periodical called the *Economist*, which is supposed not to allow itself the luxury of speaking nonsense or making jokes; yet it had an article about the Suez Canal which I certainly dare not interpret as the product of a licence to speak nonsense, but which I unavoidably must interpret

as a product of the licence to make jokes. Besides repeating the same kind of arguments uttered by the daily press, the distinguished weekly contemporary entered into considerations which are presumed to be completely out of its sphere, namely, strategic ones. It said that India has been "always liable to attack by any Power with the means to send a fleet on a three months' voyage round the Cape." But, as there does not exist any Power with such means, to say this is equivalent to saying that India has been exposed to an assault from some unknown nation shipped upon icebergs or upon whales. In such circumstances a reduction of the journey of the invaders from three to two months certainly does not, as the *Economist* judiciously remarks, "increase this liability of India." The paper said, further, that "whereas a fleet sailing round the Cape might by possibility avoid the British squadron sent in search of it, it could not possibly evade an encounter somewhere in the course of the narrow and dangerous ravine which we call the Red Sea, and at the entrance of which England possesses in Aden a natural fortress to which even Gibraltar is a feeble place," and that thus "no surprise from a fleet which has to descend the Red Sea is possible." In the first place, it is not the surprise which is impossible, but the idea of anybody attempting such a surprise. If India should ever be attacked, it will be attacked simultaneously with England, and certainly not by one Power, but by a coalition of several Powers, perhaps of the greater part of Europe; and in such a case no kind of English squadrons could

be sent in search of anything whatever, and Aden could not be of any use, for it would not prevent the passage of the Red Sea. Such being the fundamental arguments which can be brought against the ideas of the *Economist*, it obviates the necessity of entering into further analysis of the strategic notions and considerations which the learned paper displays as regards the pregnability or impregnability of Calcutta or Bombay, as well as the chances of an encounter in "the dangerous ravine." A painful circumstance, however, is that the fancy the *Economist* thus occasionally takes to speak about military matters appears considerably to affect its abilities for discussing civil affairs. Look what is said:—

Every sea route, like every railway, has two ends, and in this case one of the two ends happens to be ours. Let us suppose for one moment that M. de Lesseps' most magnificent dreams are all fulfilled. . . . The first result of that change must be a great addition to the trade of India, which is our own ; of China, which is chiefly in our hands ; and of Australia, which is possessed by our own people and best customers. . . . Europe cannot double its trade with India without India doubling its trade with Europe. . . . Those who see in the canal an injury to Great Britain are therefore reduced to this dilemma—either the canal will prove a great convenience to commerce, or it will not. If it will not, nothing is changed. . . . If it will, then such convenience must greatly increase the prosperity of British dependencies, and, therefore, of Great Britain.—(*Economist*, Nov. 20, 1869.)

The argument with which this passage begins, and which is obviously borrowed from the proverb that a

stick has two ends, appears to be here not quite in its place, for in the case of the stick the ends play a decidedly prominent part, while in the case of a sea route or a railway the ramifications and intermediate points are often of a far greater importance than the ends. Further, even supposing that one of the ends remained in the present instance in the hands of English merchants carrying on business in India or Australia, does it prove that England itself will benefit by it? Will it increase business in Lancashire and in Sheffield, or raise wages in Devonshire and Dorsetshire? Nothing of the kind. Australian and Indian merchants will make, perhaps, still larger fortunes than they make now, but English working men and agricultural labourers may starve in still greater numbers, for the simple reason that if goods from Germany, Italy, or Russia should appear in Asiatic markets at a cheaper price and quicker than from England, English merchants will deal in those goods and not in English. It will not be very patriotic in those gentlemen, but it will be business-like, and unavoidable, unless they wish to become bankrupt and to be replaced by foreign merchants. To think that if a few individuals get rich their country gets rich too, is often an illusion, even if they get rich in the country itself; but when they get rich abroad it becomes an absurdity, for it does not imply a rise in the productive forces of the country, but simply implies a certain ability and good luck in the individual, who, besides, is seldom disposed to give away for the benefit of his country what he has thus accumulated for the benefit of his own

person. True that "Europe cannot double its trade with India without India doubling its trade with Europe." But does a doubling of European absolutely imply a doubling of English trade? Then, again, of the above dilemma the first proposition only is correct, as the second does not include China and Japan, and many other non-English dependencies, and contains the word "therefore," which is quite unsuitable here, for the prosperity of the British dependencies does not imply the prosperity of the people in Great Britain.

The canal makes a change which is regarded by the *Economist* as "of little perceptible importance," but which must be considered as a very great one. This change consists in the fact that all the southern ports of the Mediterranean as well as of the Black Sea are now so much nearer to the Asiatic markets, that given two parcels of goods of the same quality and at the same price, despatched the one from one of those ports and the other from England, the former will have an advantage of sometimes over 10 per cent. in freight as well as in quickness of transport over the latter; and as in many cases English goods are dearer, this difference will be greater still. Against this fact no depreciation of the Suez Canal can avail.

One would suppose all the English articles on this subject to have been written with the special purpose of tranquillizing rich English merchants who propose getting richer still in Asia. But as far as I know, neither here, nor abroad, has any complaint been made about England not having rich men or the possibility of

their getting still richer. What always has been and is complained of, is the number of poor and the impossibility of their obtaining work ; and in this respect the Suez Canal is highly important, as it may render the state of things much worse. The supplanting in Asiatic markets of English goods by German, Italian, and even Russian, must necessarily lessen the amount of work executed in England. That English productions are often better in quality cannot effect much in favour of England, in the first place because continental productions are constantly improving, and in the second, because they are far cheaper. Formerly, those countries could not compete with the old-established English trade, not only on account of the quality of their goods, but because a voyage round the Cape from Trieste or Genoa was almost the same as from England, and the very nature of this voyage implied such conditions of seamanship as continental people could seldom fulfil. The canal now opens a way of incalculable facilities, and if Russia, Italy, and, perhaps, even France should not work quick enough in establishing new connections in the East, neither German people nor Mediterranean Jews will lose their time. Last year's report of the China trade states that 10 per cent. of all the ships arriving in China were already German. Now, where Germans and Jews once appear it is not easy to get rid of them ; you see it in your own city, which is almost thoroughly Jewish and German, and which you still consider English merely for complacency's sake.

The only possible way for you to compensate the

disadvantages of the new route would be to supply to Asia better goods at a lower price than other countries. The first you can do, but the second hardly ever. Your climate, as well as the historical circumstances of your past, have framed such average requirements of your life as not to be provided for at a small expense. Heavy taxes lying on the working classes increase still more the expenses of their sustenance. In such circumstances a working man cannot work for low wages, and you pay to a simple labourer what a German Government pays to a good professor or a judge; while the wages of a good artisan of yours are equal to the salary of a Prussian colonel of twenty years' service, or of the chief of a whole department in the civil administration of Bavaria. Therefore, your produce cannot be expected to become cheaper through the decrease of wages. They can only become cheaper through some improvements in the modes and ways of production; but this chance is equal in all the countries of Europe. They can become cheaper through the decrease of the profits of the employers and the capitalists; but great as these profits are, they are hardly so great as to give the whole of the necessary balance. How will it then be? and what kind of practical measures are you intended to take for the competition with all the countries which will now be nearer than you to a market of which previously you have been the only masters? What kind of measures can you take against the circumstances which will give by-and-by to the Continent all the advantages you have

as regards the quality of produce, and which will hardly ever allow you to reach the advantages which the Continent has as regards cheap prices? "Never mind about the Continent ! we have our Church Bill just now, our cattle plague, and our salmon fisheries too !" — that is the only answer one can get to such questions.

II.

I HAVE already pointed out to you that I cannot perceive on what ground you enjoy the reputation of being the most practical nation in the world. No doubt you are always delivering speeches, always running about, always appointing meetings and committees ; but what is the use of it ? Look at your Parliament, this everlasting pride of England. What are the questions which call the greatest attention of its constituents ? This year only do they seem to come out of their usual sphere of Church questions, cattle plague, salmon fisheries, and kindred matters to which all the time and attention of British "collective wisdom" have been permanently devoted. I still remember a gentleman speaking a few months ago in Parliament something about the sending a few rifle volunteers to the "Tir National" in Switzerland. A journey to Switzerland may be very useful and pleasant to a few soldiers ; but I cannot imagine what can be said of it in Parliament. Salmon is a very nice fish, and the preservation of it very desirable ; but besides the interests of salmon-eaters,

there are plenty of other more important interests to be preserved, of which, however, there is no mention at all.* Cattle plague is highly annoying, and the most rigorous measures against it are thoroughly indispensable; but they ought not to absorb the attention of legislators in such a degree as to make them overlook the various kinds of human plagues. The details of your Church questions are still more unintelligible for a foreigner who naturally thinks of all Church questions as based on the most simple association of ideas. A man is, religious, or not. If he is religious he wants the church and the clergyman; and if he wants them he will not only support them during his life, but will bequeath them something at his death, if he is well off. On the other hand, if he is indifferent in matters of religion, you cannot make him more religious through imposing upon him a tax for the benefit of the Church. If he is rich, he pays the tax with an offensive laugh; if he is poor, the pressure of the tax transforms an indifferent man into an enemy.

You will easily understand what strange impression must be produced within every man who, being brought up in such an association of ideas on the question of the material existence of the Church, comes to your country and sees that your legislative bodies, your press, and a great part of your people are spending months and months in discussions about the distribution of money which ought not to be collected at all. What must be his further impressions if, after having read the first newspaper, he see that the debate involves a still stranger question—

Whether it is judicious or not that a man should pay for the support of a Church which he has the legal right not to belong to? And what must be his idea of your extolled practical capacities if he see that along with such an outlay of time, money, thoughts, and national intelligence, you leave everything which has a real value to fall out of your hands? A few years ago a strong nation was crushing a feeble one. You appeared much shocked; but your minister told you that treaties gave England the right of intervention, while they imposed no obligation to intervene. You thought such a position very advantageous, did not intervene, the strong nation did what she wanted, and you have now quite forgotten the whole thing. Five years later the same troops, which had swept away the Polish nation, conquer nearly the whole of Central Asia. You find the position no longer so advantageous, and, with a view to neutralize the disadvantages, begin to pay large sums of money to an Asiatic sovereign to whom you refused all help when he wanted it, and whom you intend now to employ like a rampart, quite forgetting that, skilfully influenced from the other side, he may easily turn your own money against you. And you seem even not to notice that if, in addition to your influence, you had spent this money both on Sher-Ali and Poland when they wanted it, Poland would be still alive, Asia would probably not be conquered, and Sher-Ali much more grateful to you than he can be now. Four years ago your statesmen, in the hope of putting Napoleon into a scrape, allowed the success of Prussia in Schleswig-Holstein and afterwards at Sadowa, and in a few years

you will have the satisfaction of seeing one more first-class fleet on the sea, just as you already see one first-rate Power more on land. The new Power has grown in a few years almost as strong as you are after several centuries of existence, yet you have only to say that "however brought about, the change has been a great and honourable one for the German people, and the Germany of the present hour has our warm sympathy."—(*Times*, October 4th, 1869). This is a very kind declaration regarding Herr von Bismarck ; but I don't think that it is a well-founded one regarding England, for there can be no particular benefit to this country in the appearance of a rival on precisely those fields where none of the so-called great Powers could previously compete with her. Yet this is a matter of taste. One may like to see big things even if they are threatening. What is no more a matter of taste, but one of understanding, is when so respectable a newspaper publishes, within three years of the Prague treaty, a leading article saying that Englishmen do not hold any longer futile beliefs in alliances ; and to justify this disbelief it quotes a long series of alliances which died away after having achieved the purposes for which they were concluded. Napoleon was scarcely in Elba, said the *Times*, before the Allies who conquered him came into hot antagonism. In the first place it is not quite correct ; for I remember to have read in my school-books that they "came into hot antagonism" long before Napoleon was in Elba, and quarrelled very seriously—for instance, when about to cross the Rhine or to enter Swiss territory ; but this did not prevent their beating

Napoleon. The common aim of the alliance was one thing, and the special aim of each of the noblemon, like Prince von Metternich or Lord Castlereagh, Alexander Romanof or Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, was another thing. One could quote twice as many instances as did the *Times* without proving that alliances are futile. They have been broken only when proved to be impracticable or when their chief aim was attained. And this I find only natural ; for Governments are not young lovers who swear to one another to turn their whole existences into one eternal kiss.

Prussia and Austria were allies to despoil Denmark, argued the *Times*, and within two years fought against each other. Well, but what does such a fact prove? It proves, in the first place, that Denmark, having no allies, was beaten, and that those who were allied had beaten. It proves, further, that within two years after this war the conquerors had to divide their prey and quarrelled about it ; and that Prussia, seeing itself strongly supported by relatives at two powerful Courts, not only went to war with Austria, but soldered together under its crown the whole of Northern Germany. Does the *Times* think that Prussia could ever have realised what it did without the open adhesion of Russia and the support which England gave her by keeping Napoleon in so stupid a position? Hardly so ; for since we knew it in Turkey, the mighty London papers must have known that on the side of Prussia was a tacit alliance as powerful as could be wished. And as Prussia was the conqueror, it proves once more that alliances are not to be

disregarded. "Union is strength," in political matters as well as elsewhere, and to insist upon remaining isolated when other people constantly attempt to unite themselves, implies a considerable desire to be beaten some day.

It is well known that England has a very strong and very legitimate desire of having peace at home and seeing peace abroad. But this desire provoked in her just as strong and by far not so legitimate a belief that peace will and must be preserved. A strong wish for, just like a great fear of something, always produces in us a strong conviction that the thing must happen. But reasonable men ought to take into consideration this common illusion of human nature, and that is precisely what English politicians do not. I am sorry I was not in London the day of the battle of Sadowa. I should surely have gone to some newspaper offices to see how the leader writers looked. These gentlemen must have been quite astonished at the nice little change which can be brought about in European affairs within a few hours. Still, bygone is bygone, amazement is forgotten, and English politicians again assure the public that peace cannot be broken, because they don't wish it to be broken. They want peace assurances, as the *Times* said, "no matter whence they come, or by what diplomatical contrivance they are brought about," and in this eagerness for peace they would never believe that there are several questions in Europe which can never be settled without a war. Is France to abandon the idea of recovering what it thinks its "natural frontier?"

Never will it be so, for as long as Napoleon's dynasty remains on the throne it will be its point of honour to restore these frontiers, because they were lost by this very dynasty. If a republic is to come, it will claim them just as much, for the first republic had them. Is Russia to give up its ideas of assembling all the Slavs under one sceptre, and of having the Bosphorus thoroughly open to it? Less than ever can it be so now, when the Slavs tend themselves towards Russia, and when that waste country is shut up in the north. Is it probable that Prussia will stop at what it is, and resign its claims of becoming a single and entire Germany, when it has gone so far? Never can it be so. But suppose even it will give up all such claims just to please English politicians; can Austria remain quiet between its Slavs constantly excited by Russia, and its Germans constantly coveted by Prussia? The *Times* suggested:—

“Prussia and Austria have been allies for more than half a century. They have had their quarrel, and they have settled it. . . . It has been our firm conviction for these last three years that the two great German Powers could scarcely settle their old differences without passing at once from a state of open warfare to one of intimate and cordial understanding. . . . The Emperor Francis Joseph will look in vain for any other available ally than the King of Prussia. . . . Let Austria forget Sadowa and all the heartburning that led to it and all the wrangling that followed it, and a day will come when she will find how that disaster did not really affect her position, but merely defined, and clearly, and it may be hoped firmly, established it.”—(*Times*. October 23rd, 1869).

Very well, indeed. A man receives a slap on the face, and he is told to forget it, because it did not affect his position, but merely "defined, and clearly, and it may be hoped firmly, established" what a slap on the face is. A few lines higher the *Times* itself said that there may be things which content Governments, but do not content peoples. Why, then, could it not perceive that if the Austrian Government would be ready to forget the humiliations of the last war, the various nationalities included in the Austrian empire will not forget these humiliations? A very slight acquaintance with the present state of Austria is sufficient to show that if its population has grievances against the Government of Vienna, it has not only far greater grievances against, but a positive horror of everything Prussian. To propose an alliance between Austria and Prussia is to insist on putting cat and dog together. It can only add a revolt of national indignation to one of civil disagreement in Austria. The various non-German nationalities would rise like one man, and when they are risen, what will remain to Austria out of its 35,000,000 of subjects? About 8,000,000 of Germans, of whom the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian king could pretty well say, like Charles V. said on some other occasion about himself and Francis I., "I and my cousin Francis agree marvellously well about Milan; he wants it, and I too."

But all this does not concern English journalists and politicians. They want peace assurances, "no matter whence they come or by what diplomatical contrivance they are brought about." And if some political intrigue

induces Continental people to speak of it, English journalists become sarcastic about the apprehensions of the "restless talkers," saying that there will be plenty of time to think the matter over, and that "no small event could induce a people of our insular position and world-wide interests to descend again into the old fields of European conflict" (*Times*, Oct. 4). That is all very clever, but in expressing such thoughts, many English papers, and especially the *Times*, have a peculiar capacity for conveying to their readers the idea that England has chosen for its modern motto the somewhat worn-out one of the Royalistic French coiffeur,—*"Vive le Roi, ma femme et moi!"* changing it, of course, according to your local conditions, into *"Vive la Reine, my Church et moi!"* This idea is already sufficiently established everywhere, and it would seem that, in the anti-bourgeoisic time (if such a word can be used) we are passing just now, it may be, perhaps, as well not to strengthen this idea without any particular necessity, and more especially in cases where it appears to be neither gentlemanlike nor quite advantageous.

III.

You must not think that in alluding to what I venture to consider as mistakes in your foreign policy, I wished to disapprove the principle of non-intervention so strongly and constantly advocated by many leading intelligences of this country. Far from that. My

intention was only to say that it is too soon as yet for any country in Europe too absolutely to carry out or too openly to proclaim this principle, highly recommendable in itself. And I shall add that England ought to be the last to proclaim it. Neither your own interests nor the general interests of mankind would allow it. Contemporary wars are seldom contests between nations in their struggles for life; they are usually but quarrels between governments, or ambitious encroachments of one power upon the rights of another. Now, while the first ought to be, as a general rule, left to themselves in consequence of their being necessary evils hardly remediable by any kind of intervention, quarrels and encroachments can and must be prevented; and England has the best means for doing this. It is a very curious fact, however, that the single war you intervened in for the last fifty years was just one of those in which no foreign intervention can be of great use: I mean the national war between the Moussoulmans and the Slavs. All the governmental wars, on the contrary, have not only been tolerated by you, but practically sanctioned by declarations of non-intervention; and I have already called your attention to some of the more capital results of those wars as regards England, results which can hardly be considered as very satisfactory.

If we come to look now-a-days on the essence of the last Eastern war, independently of our respective feelings to the gloomy colossus called Russia, and from the great triumphs we have obtained during that war, we shall be compelled to state, in the first place, that,

since its removal from the Balkan to the Crimean Peninsula, the national war was turned into a political one; and, in the second place, that all the Crimean marvels have not settled the Eastern question, but only postponed its solution. This you must know very well; but it seems that you are not quite right in the appreciation of the reasons which must re-open it, perhaps several times more. Everything ought to be considered on the spot to be duly appreciated, and you have no such opportunity in this case. Your mistakes are, therefore, quite natural, and it is only in my capacity of a man from the spot that I take the liberty to expose to you some of my views.

It seems to be a law of nature that in matters of European politics, things should be understood for just the reverse of what they are in reality. If Bismarck declares that he is serving the interests of German nationalities in killing German people, you think it is really so, and let him do it. If, on the other hand, a war is not only thoroughly national, but religious too; if it renews itself almost periodically for a long series of centuries, it is attributed to some testament of a sovereign deceased 150 years ago, to some hereditary policy of an ambitious dynasty. I must suppose that Englishmen do not take the trouble to make inquiries into the facts, that they hear only what their politicians say, and that politicians have seldom the wish, as well as the possibility, of saying the truth. I cannot explain to myself otherwise the interpretation which the Eastern question has always had here. You would surely not suspect me

of sympathies for the giaours' government. I dislike the views of this government with regard to my dear fatherland far more than you do ; but I think that these views cannot be attributed exclusively to Peter the Great's testament, or to some hereditary tendency of the Romanof's dynasty, especially as I have been told that there is no Romanof's blood at all in the contemporary representatives of this dynasty, and that even the quantity of Slavonian blood in them is very small, as it has been constantly refreshed by German blood—all the ladies of the family being for more than a hundred years imported from Germany. Under such circumstances a peculiarity of some remote ancestor can hardly be transmitted by way of inheritance. We must, therefore, look for an explanation of the recurrent character of the struggles between Moussoulmans and Slavs in some natural incompatibility of these two elements. In fact, if you take a good historical book concerning any country where these elements have been in contact, you will always find that for many many centuries back they have fought just for the same reasons and just with the same fury as they do, or are ready to do, now. And I am sorry to say that the final success has been for the most part on the side of the giaours. Kasan, Astrakhan, Baktchisaray, which are now wretched provincial towns of the giaours, were once splendid capitals of Moussoulman kingdoms. On the Caucasus, in Asia, you see the same thing. The same thing will, perhaps, take place one day in Turkey, if Allah and his Prophet do not defend us. We take all necessary measures to cut the throats

of as many Slavs as we possibly can ; but the result of this is not better than that of your diplomatical interventions ; the capital point of the question remaining still unresolved.

I have often thought about this melancholy state of things, and came finally to the conclusion that, besides what Allah and his Prophet may find it convenient to do, there are only three ways to settle the matter. The first would be strongly to encourage the mutual massacre of the Mussoulman and Slavonian elements with a view to a complete extermination of the weaker one. This would be a very radical measure, but I feel no particular desire to advocate it, as it is most likely that both I and all my countrymen would be very soon deprived of the satisfaction of feeling citizens of this world. The second plan would be completely to disjoin the two elements so as to paralyse every opportunity for a contest between them. This is a very impracticable measure, for it implies changes of the whole state of things in the East, great offences to H.M. the Sultan, and endless diplomatic transactions, out of which, as you know, no good whatever can be expected. This would also probably prove to be only a half-measure, as it would hardly be possible to make the disjunction efficiently enough ; and the worst of all measures in everything is, as the old Napoleon said, a half-measure. There would then remain the third way only, which would consist of a *systematical, commercial, and manufactural colonization of Turkey* by Europeans of all religions, and especially by those nationalities which

have already proved to be the fittest for colonization in general. I venture to consider this measure of my invention as one which must have a very great success, and give a very satisfactory solution to the so-called Eastern question. Mingled with other nationalities and religions, neither the Slavs nor the Moussoulmans would have the possibility of giving play to their mutual animosity. The marvellously rich and in all respects most splendid country of Europe would be more peopled and turned to the general benefit of the whole world. Pauperism would find a better and cheaper palliative than it can find in emigration to America and Australia, and European governments would be deprived of every pretext to keep their enormous armies; for the Eastern bugbear, which is constantly on the background of every diplomatical transaction, would disappear in a few years after the beginning of such a colonization. Turkey civilized by a closer contact with other nationalities, and becoming, so to say, an international country, nobody would have the courage to claim anything from it, unless he had really given something, and the whole matter would become "beautiful for ever."

I am quite confused at painting to you the advantages of my invention in such bright colours, for I know you will say that I am a fool who, like everybody who has invented something, thinks that he is about to turn the whole world upside down. But whatsoever may be your opinion of the state of my mind, I give you the most serious advice to take into careful consideration the

scheme I speak of here. I presume it is not necessary to point out to you the results of a similar colonization of yours in India. Well, a colonization in Turkey would be far easier, far more practicable, and far more advantageous than that of India was. And the changes which the Suez Canal must produce in your position in respect to Asia compels you to come nearer to that market, at least, with a small part of your productive forces; otherwise you will soon be forced to sing, "Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti."

Of course you must not make a noise in beginning such a colonization; you must not claim to transform Turkey into one of your provinces; the whole affair ought to be arranged in a purely private manner, without mingling in it any kind of government. It is only with such a beginning that you can guarantee yourself a full success and a complete absence of the danger of opposition on the Continent. Supposing even that other nations should try to follow you, and that you would make an appeal to their working forces too; once the colonization begun, all must naturally shape itself according to the respective capacities of different nations for colonization and to the amount of capital they will bring in money, knowledge, abilities, and well-trained characters. As yet the single Western nation, of which there is to be found in Turkey a more or less considerable stock, is the French nation; but you must know the capacity of French people for colonization from their success in Algeria. In Turkey, where they have no administrative or military power, their influence is, perhaps,

a little less wrong, but it is also less active. A few milliners', confectioners' or fancy-goods shops; a few restaurants and places of entertainment, and, perhaps, a few joint-stock companies, which, generally speaking, get soon bankrupt, are nearly all they have introduced as yet in my fatherland. And if you add to this some French liquors, which are strongly prohibited by our religion, and which we still like very much, and a few cases of perversion of the morality of our ladies—a thing which is also strongly prohibited by our religion, and which we dislike very much—you will have the whole of the French edifice in Turkey. With such a competition, there can hardly be any doubt concerning the possibility of your success. As to the means for a new undertaking of this kind, you cannot fail in finding them, if you invest less in foreign loans, in construction of strategic railways for foreign Governments, in erections of such big monuments as the one I see you are erecting in Hyde Park, in foundations of institutions which have no better use than to immortalize the vanity of their founders, and in the construction of new churches of which you have quite a sufficient amount when compared with the number of people who do not require them merely as a meeting-place for hypocritical performances. The amount of money spared from these sources only would be more than sufficient to regenerate the whole of Turkey, to give a good piece of bread to those of your countrymen who are starving in England, and to secure to you for ever the same share in the trade of Asia which you now have, and which, without an arrangement of

this kind, you *must*, unavoidably, lose, in a very proximate future. As to the manner in which you may expect to be received there, you have no reasonable grounds for supposing that Turkey makes an exception from the general laws which regulate the reception of people bringing and giving money.

Incredible as it may seem, considering what England is understood to be, yet any stranger who takes interest in this country cannot help seeing that its old power is slowly but steadily decaying. I, for my part, cannot help saying to the leaders of the once so powerful people :—Gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves so much about preserving English game or English Sundays, English traditions or English salmon, but *do* trouble yourselves more about preserving the lives of poor English working men from starvation and the great English trade from decay. If you see that Trieste, or Odessa, or Genoa, or Marseilles have now great advantages over you, form companies, go to Tripoli, or Smyrna, or Cyprus, or Rhodes, or Candia, or still better to the Balkan Peninsula. Take, to begin with, a few hundred Devonshire labourers, let them introduce English agriculture there ; it is a field to effect a whole revolution upon. Take a few hundred operatives, erect cloth, cotton, and hardware manufactories—everything which is to be developed now in other countries with a view to Asiatic trade. Take a few hundred colliers, you will create a coal trade on the new route and the means for working your factories. You will find plenty of coal and iron which only await extraction : and your Indian cotton will have so much

less distance to travel. As for wool, I can assure you that our sheep are only too glad to be shorn in that warm climate. And you must remember that your profits will not only be secured by your nearness to the market and the low price of the raw material, but by the cheapness of living, which will increase the well-being of your working men sent there to a point almost unknown in England. A few years' experiment even on the smallest scale would show you that you can once more regain the old power and the old influence over the world. Yet do not undertake all this simply as merely grasping merchants, but as clever and patriotic Englishmen; that is to say, do not go with money and machines alone. This is a most capital point. The more Englishmen you convey there, the better for you, as well as for the whole world. We must have no illusions about my dear fatherland. It cannot stand much longer, for "it does not pay." Civilization is work, and Islamism is laziness. Turkey is either to be civilised, or not. If it is to be civilised, Islamism must die; if it must die, somebody must bury it; and it is certain that the whole world will be a gainer if you conduct its obsequies, for it is well known that in all kinds of ceremonies, and especially in dull and mournful ones, you bear away the palm.

Do not think I make jokes. I speak quite seriously. If you are there, other people will be more cautious before interfering too much with the affairs of the "sick man," either during his sickness or at his death, and this is almost all that the peace of Europe requires. But again and again, you must be there—not

in the form of a few merchants, half Jewish, half German—you must be there in the might of thousands of strong, hard-working men of “true British blood” and of the most various professions. Then, and then only, will you be justified in saying that the Suez Canal can have no adverse effect upon Great Britain; then, too, shall you have fewer people starving in the streets; and, perhaps, the satisfaction of saying some day that, if old English trade has cost other parts of the world much blood, modern English trade has saved much blood in the East of Europe.

IV.

WHEN I first took the liberty of recommending this plan of colonization of Turkey, I had been favoured with the information from a member of an English university that the same thing had been advocated some years ago in a book called *The New Koran*. I have had as yet no opportunity of seeing this book, and I do not think it will be of any use for me to see it, as it is most likely that my advocacy will have just as much success as that book had. Those Englishmen who tried everything, however adventurous and foolish it may have seemed at the outset, are gone. Now-a-days a thing must have its routine to find favour in this country, or it must affect the so-called *prestige* of the English name, if it is to raise strong popular feelings. If a few Englishmen, adventuring themselves among savage tribes, for

pleasure or the sake of satisfying their curiosity, are made prisoners, England makes a war which costs her £9,000,000—in continental money it makes 225,000,000. But if English trade is decaying so that thousands of English working men must leave the inhospitable country which refuses to give them either work or bread, a few meetings are arranged with a view to inquire whether it is not Napoleon who is guilty of this, by having swindled England into the commercial treaty. If the voice of England is no more listened to with regard to any European affair; if in Poland, in Germany, in Italy, things are settled with utter disregard to the wishes of England; Englishmen remain quite indifferent: and after receiving an insulting note, as was the case in Polish affairs, English statesmen do not find anything better to say than, that England leaves it to history to stigmatise the conduct of the violators of peace, and the oppressors of liberty. This is a very cheap means to avoid political entanglement, but it is surely very little calculated to uphold that very *prestige* in Europe for the maintenance of which England paid £9,000,000 in Africa.

These are, however, not the only points which might be adduced here. A mass of them would easily have been found by anyone more acquainted with diplomatical transactions than I am. The constant interference of England with all the revolutionary movements of the Continent, would alone give a long list of the most pitiful blunders. Up to a very recent time, such movements had very seldom a strong Republican

character. In the majority of cases petty plots, as well as more considerable revolutions, began simply as a revolt against the despotism of a sovereign, or the corruption of an administration. If a few serious Constitutional guarantees had been given to the people, such movements would speedily have died out. Almost always there was but a cry for Parliamentary Government, English institutions being the golden dream of the majority of the revolutionists. And what has England done for people worshipping her institutions, and trying to imitate her? She supported by all means she had at her command, the despot, or the corrupt administration. Wherever civil disturbances began, in Spain or Italy, France or Poland, Germany or Greece, the English newspapers and English statesmen immediately began to shed tears, and fall into lamentations about Peace being disturbed, and the brilliant Sovereigns and illustrious Ministers opposed in their sacred wishes. If we see that, in some instances, England has declared herself in favour of such movements, it was only under a strong pressure of the opinions of the mass of English people, or in presence of a conviction that the movement was a success, and that to combat it would be to defend a fallen cause. The result of such proceedings was quite natural. Nobody looks more for help from England, and nobody cares about her opinions. More than that, the very Parliamentary form of Government with which Continental people would have been quite contented twenty or thirty years ago, would not content anybody now-a-days. People come to the conclusion that this

form of Government does not secure either honest foreign politics, or even fair administration of home affairs; that it is a very good thing for the aristocracy and the clergy, but that the mass of the people has no benefit from it; poverty, injustice and corruption being quite as great, if not greater, in England, as anywhere. From such a conclusion there was only one step to this—that a Republic is the only form of Government at which people ought to aim, and England, instead of bequeathing her institutions to the Continent, will perhaps be forced some day to accept herself those which have developed themselves chiefly under the influence of her thoughtlessness and disregard of principles in matters of politics. Expediency, which means, properly speaking, the possibility of avoiding the difficult task of thinking, has, perhaps, done some good to England, but, in the long run, there will certainly be more harm from it than good. Great is the Country still, no doubt, but, if its foreign as well as home policy is not speedily changed, there is ample chance for her being forced soon to adapt into English an old French proverb, “*Les jours se suivent, mais ne se ressemblent pas*,”—say in this way, “Ages follow one another, yet are not alike.”

A DERBY DAY.

“VEDERE Derby, e poi morire,” say Englishmen who can pronounce a few Italian words, and who have heard enough about Italy to know that people there say, “Vedere Napoli, e poi morire.” But should any of my countrymen wish “vedere Derby,” I will give him the friendly advice to go there in a donkey-cart or in one of the large working-men’s vans—unless, of course, he has some friends going in their own carriage. At all events I will strongly recommend him never to attempt a gentlemanlike excursion in a stage-coach, as I did on the last Derby Day. In a donkey-cart or in a van he is sure to laugh himself, and to make other people laugh; he is also sure to learn something of popular life. While in a stage-coach he can expect nothing but dulness, if he has my luck.

A four-in-hand stage-coach undertook to carry a dozen gentlemen and one lady, at the rate of two guineas each, from Piccadilly to Epsom and back. In the first place, the lady, who would naturally be expected to contribute to the pleasure of the trip, seems not to have been one either qualified or disposed to do so. Her husband

deposited her inside the coach, where she was to remain all the way alone, and got himself on the coach-box. Behind him and the coachman sat several foreigners, belonging to one party, and who presented to me no interest whatever, as I came to England to see, not foreigners, but Englishmen. I was thus reduced only to a few gentlemen, some of them of a very fashionable appearance, and all of them with sporting papers and the *Standard* in their hands. This alone did not seem a good presage, and it was soon obvious that they were quite as reluctant to talk with me, as they were unwilling to talk to one another. Only the youngest of them, who seems to have travelled a good deal in Switzerland, was kind enough to entertain me with the enumeration of the mountains he had ascended during his yearly excursions in August. From some details of the conversation, however, I have reason to suspect that even this gentleman wanted chiefly to get some information as to whether I did not know some mountain passes which he had not seen yet. I began decidedly to think that we were at some funeral ceremony, and by no means at an excursion to Epsom on the great Derby Day. The coach, avoiding the main road, took the way of Fulham and Kingston, so that I did not see even as much of the general aspect of the road as I could fairly expect for the two guineas. There remained to me nothing better than to take out of my pocket the *Daily News* and to begin to read it.

The first distraction which diverted me from this liberal pursuit was Putney Bridge. The beauty of this

edifice quite puzzled me. I wonder whether the First Commissioner of British Art and Taste had something to do with the erection of this beautiful work. At all events, Mr. Ayrton must have something to do with it now, for I saw that all the lamp-posts on the right-hand side are taken away, so that the left only have to perform their enlightening duties. I naturally supposed that this had been ordered by that statesman with a view to save public money, and I greatly approved this economy.

A little beyond the bridge another distraction presented itself. The coachman, probably irritated beyond endurance by the melancholy aspect of the company he had to drive, engaged himself in a bit of innocent sport, and smashed the waggonette of a gentleman who was quietly driving with a few of his friends, and who most likely had now to walk back to Putney Bridge, instead of enjoying the races. The groom of that gentleman inquired about the name of the coachman, and took notice of the inscription on the door of our coach, so that it is probable that some magistrate had to decide on the next day who was right and who was wrong in the case. What I have to say is, that a general burst of laughter broke out in our mournful company at this occurrence. "Oh, what fun it is!" heard I on all sides, and began to think myself that it was very amusing. Unhappily, however, nothing of the kind occurred again, and we had new opportunities to laugh only when some comments upon the smashed waggonette occasionally presented themselves to the mind of any of the gentlemen of our party.

It will be understood that under such circumstances I was anxious to run away from the coach as soon as I could, when arrived at our destination. The aspect of the Downs is too well known to Englishmen to be once more described ; and it was almost as well known to me from the various pictures I have seen of it. I made a round all over the place, found that the pictures were quite correct, and began to look for a lunch. A placard upon one of the stands declared that there was a whole dinner to be had for 3s. 6d., and I resolved to give it a trial. I did not expect to have anything good at this price at the Derby races, but I also never expected to have anything so bad. The worst point was that I could not know what I should have, for I had to pay at the entrance, and on my inquiring of what the dinner consisted, I was told, "You shall see it upstairs." In Europe I have always been accustomed to see on such occasions the money taken only after the dinner was consumed, and the *menu* always giving full particulars to a person wishing to partake of the meal. But I thought that the British manner of asking money in advance, and supplying customers with dinners *à surprises* might do just as well for a change. On arriving upstairs, however, I found that the "surprises" consisted of cold lamb, which I don't eat, and cold veal, which was very bad, but which I was forced to eat, as there was nothing else. Some salad and cheese completed the dinner, with which everybody seemed to be quite contented : they were even jolly that they had it "before the great rush had begun."

This dinner increased still more the unfavourable dis-

position into which I was brought by the journey. Up roar on all sides ; the most unceremonious elbowing at every step ; a nasty little rain ; constant noisy offers of fuses, lemonade, oranges, and "accommodation"—nothing of this can contribute to the comfort of a man. I thought the Grand Stand would be better ; and really the state of things there seemed much more refined, but so stiff that in half an hour I had plenty of it. I tried the betting places, into one of which I was not allowed to enter by a policeman, who told me it was only for the members of Tattersall's. I went into the next, and for another half a sovereign enjoyed the constant cries of men with bags slung over their shoulders, and names written on their hats. What these men cried I found myself utterly unable to understand. I heard, for instance, the word "Camo," and, on my inquiring what it meant, was informed by a gentleman that it meant "Camel," the name of one of the horses. "Do you back any one?" asked he. "No." "You ought to. Try Kingcraft for a place ; it is six to four." I go to one of the bagmen, and express to him my desire to speculate half a sovereign upon Kingcraft. "We have done with him for a place. If you like to back him to win, it is twelve to one." Supposing that there was very little chance of winning if the bet is proposed on such terms, I it, refused and was very much disgusted afterwards when I knew that I lost the opportunity of pocketing six pounds. Before this result was known, however, the constant cry of the bagmen, "Outside at any price," had so much annoyed me that I thought I would better put myself "outside" without any

price whatever, and went in search of my coach, which was stationed in the enclosure opposite the Grand Stand.

The spirit of my company was quite different now. All the gentlemen seemed to have lunched, and to be in a much more jovial state of mind. They spoke loudly, laughed, and, armed with pea-shooters, were all firing right and left. A coach similar to ours standing close by, and loaded with young Greek gentlemen, obviously merchants from the City, both received and returned an enormous quantity of peas. That Greek coach was in a particularly merry state of temper. The number of bottles in the coach, on the coach, and around the coach, was something fabulous. The party being apparently unable to consume all the provisions they had with them, two or three of the gentlemen were on permanent excursions in search of all sorts of people, male and female, whom they brought to the coach, regaled with champagne, and immediately released. When contemplating what was thus going on at this coach, I noticed, a few yards farther, a carriage full of very good-looking representatives of the fair sex, among whom I recognized an old Parisian friend of mine, a French lady, who has now been residing for about six months in London, as I understand on the invitation and at the expense of a well-known English nobleman. This lady is so pleasant a companion, and I am so much obliged to her for many charming hours in the past, that I was quite happy to see her again. I rushed to her carriage, and did not notice any more of what was going on either in the races, or on the Greek and our own coach. Her company appeared

to be of the same description as she, and in an hour which I spent with them I talked, laughed, and amused myself to an extent which fairly repaid me for the annui which I had to endure before. I so far forgot myself that our guard had great difficulty in finding me out when the coach was about to start. He found me among these ladies, who, under the influence of a considerable amount of champagne which they had already drunk, were aiding my friend in making a versified description of the Derby, which she intended to send to a friend of hers in Paris. I was entrusted with the posting of this letter, and committed the indiscretion of taking a copy of it for the benefit of the reader. It ran thus :—

Dans la foule de ces *ladies* si minces,
 Au milieu de ces *dandies* si blonds,
 J'ai vu parier avec des princes
 Des marchands de carottes et d'oignons.

J'ai fait de l'œil dans ce pêle-mêle
 Au duc de C., ce vieux farceur ;
 Et puis, dans une calèche fort belle,
 J'ai aperçu mon dégraisseur.

J'ai vu un tas de *nice* cocottes,
 Ebouffantes de mauvais goût ;
 J'ai vu ma blanchisseuse Charlotte—
 Son *baby* l'embêtait beaucoup.

J'ai vu des chevaux, j'ai vu des ânes,
 Le roi des Belges, des magistrats,
 Des nez tout rouges, des noires soutanes,
 Et des John Bull tout gros et gras.

Un monde entier de clerks, de jupes,
De *costermongers* et de chiens,
Faisant de la police une dupe,
Et du porter, du brandy—un bain !

Voilà, ma chère, cette gr-r-rande fête,
Durant laquelle ces Saxons si sérieux
Se font un Dieu d'une pauvre bête,
Se bourrent de *pork-pies* et se grisent
comme des gueux.

I am sorry I had neither time nor the necessary command of the English language to give a translation of this improvised piece of poetry. On the other hand, I thought that if Putney Bridge is so carefully preserved in its original form, this production of art deserved it quite as much.

The charming hour spent in the society of these French ladies had so much influence on me that my coach society seemed now to me as consisting of quite pleasant companions. There was not much laughter or talk ; but there was still plenty of pea-shooting, in return for which one of the gentlemen received an egg in his back as we approached Kingston ; a few drops of the yolk reached even my overcoat ; and I had only to thank Allah that it was not more. At Kingston another little unpleasantness occurred. When we were about to change horses, the guard presented himself with a bill of three guineas, which he had paid for our standing in the enclosure, and which he expected the gentlemen to pay, as they had agreed upon. One of our companions, however, declined to take part in this expense. He

seemed to have rather heavily backed Macgregor, and was now much more particular about shillings than he had been about pounds when he was going to the races. His economical disposition of mind displeased everybody, and although the bill was paid by the rest of the party, there was an endless talk and dispute about this subject. The controversy had still not finished when I left the coach near Kensington ; but I hope it is settled now one way or the other.

THE LADIES' AGITATION.

I.

ABOUT a year ago I had occasion to attend a meeting of the Women's Suffrage Society held at the Architectural Rooms, and I remember that one of the gentlemen supporting this movement declared that the question had passed out of the epigrammatic stage, and that endeavours should be made to bring men to a more serious form of mind. I could not perceive what kind of objection that gentleman could have had against people laughing if they can find something to laugh at; but, thoroughly accustomed as I am to obey all distinguished persons, I could not fail to obey this person too, and, ever since, all that I have read or listened to on this subject I have read and listened to with the utmost reverence. Now, this very reverence of feeling disclosed to my mind certain incongruities in the arguments of the supporters of this movement—incongruities which I did not notice previously, and which I cannot get rid of now. All that I have heard from the advocates of women's suffrage proves that it rests solely upon the assumption of the equality of the "natural rights" of the

two sexes. But whosoever assumes the dangerous and not quite intelligible theory of the existence of "natural rights," must unavoidably assume the whole of them, and immediately find that the first and fundamental one is the right of the strongest to subject, and, if he likes, to exterminate the weakest. Society appearing to me as something existing exclusively upon social laws, I am utterly unable to comprehend the abstraction called natural rights. My Eastern brain cannot make out how, if there were any kind of natural rights at all, there could be such an enormous amount of wrongs in the world.

In the hope of having some new light thrown on this obscure point of the question, I attended another meeting in March last, at the Hanover Square Rooms; but the result was only to infuse a further amount of confusion into my head. I heard several speeches of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen, including Mr. J. S. Mill, and all of them presented but highly eloquent repetitions of old arguments, with occasional additions of a few new ones of remarkable weakness. One of the speeches—I should say the most clever, for it dealt with the question in a very plain and practical, and at the same time a very eloquent, manner—that of Mrs. Fawcett, struck me with particular force. The talented lady, answering the well-known and plausible objection that women's suffrage would probably lead to the increase of the retrograde and clerical spirit in the management of public affairs, expressed herself in the following terms:—

Some people say that women should not be enfranchised because most of them are Conservatives. I dare say that

some people who urge this as an objection to women's suffrage are at the same time ardent admirers of the representative character of the Government of this country. But do not representative institutions require that all differences of opinion should have their due and proportionate weight in the Legislature, and that no class of persons should be excluded from representation on account of their political opinions? It seems to me that a representative system which excludes rather more than half the community from representation is a farce. If the bulk of women are Conservatives, then the strength of the Conservative party in the House of Commons is proportionally inferior to its strength in the country, and in this case the representative character of the Legislature is violated.

Condensed into a single sentence, this passage simply means, according to my understanding, that, for the sake of giving political rights to ladies, people can and must run the risk of their governments entering a retrograde phase. Now, I am utterly unable to perceive why the existence of everybody should be made more insupportable than it is by a certain amount of old women and old maids entertaining great weaknesses for reverend persons, quite successfully kept aside until now. For me it is, of course, of no importance, as I can go somewhere else if I don't like English arrangements; but there are plenty of people completely unable to leave the country, and who, therefore, will be forced to endure all the consequences of this carrying into social life of what is presumed to be the "natural rights" of various antiquities holding a sufficient amount of unearned property to enable them to vote. Mr. Mill says himself in his "Subjection of Women" that—

It is held that there should be no restraint not required by the general good, and that the law should treat all alike, save where dissimilarity of treatment is required by positive reasons, either of justice or of policy.

But this "save where" is precisely the most important point in the present question. The dissimilarity of treatment of the two sexes with regard to political franchise is required, as things are standing now, both by justice and by policy. It is required by justice, because people are badly governed enough to dispense with a change for the worse, consequent on an *ex abrupto* introduction into their respective governments of fresh elements still less fit for the purpose than those which constitute governments now. It is required by policy, because the so-called natural right of various old or foolish, bigoted or ignorant, wicked or childish ladies to hamper and cripple human affairs being granted to them, men would naturally enough take advantage of their own natural right of getting rid of what may prove to be hampering and crippling. And from the new struggle which would ensue thence, I venture to say, the world would by no means be a gainer.

One of the resolutions passed at the above meeting said something to the effect that the grant of political franchise to women would improve their understanding and knowledge of human things and civil duties. But I must say I have never heard in Turkey of a proposal to improve a person's bad understanding by means of allowing him to govern other people. A distinguished gentleman—if I am not mistaken a member of the

English legislative body—gave a striking picture of the frivolity and foolishness of contemporary ladies, and suggested that all this would disappear on their being engaged in political interests. He said also that neither this frivolity, nor this foolishness should be considered as an obstacle to the political enfranchisement of women, for a great many men enjoying the franchise are quite as foolish and frivolous. But we should think in Turkey that, there being a sufficient amount of fools already influencing legislation, there is no necessity for adding to them so many fools more. Besides this, if we meet in our country a foolish, childish, or frivolous human being, we do our best to send him to the madhouse, to the school, or to the House of Correction, as the case may be, but never to the Divan. The distinguished lady who took the chair expressed the opinion that ladies are now reading sensational novels, which they would not have read if they were more directly interested in politics. Mr. Mill, in supporting that lady, said that the clergy are so powerful over the minds of the ladies, because they are more attentive to those minds, and are more anxious to inculcate what they think to be right, than fathers, brothers, and husbands generally are. But it would appear to me that if all this is considered pernicious, and if there is no possibility of reforming the fathers, brothers, and husbands (who, by the way, are to a great extent only what their mothers have made them), it would be much better not to publish sensational novels (chiefly written by ladies), and not to keep at the public expense so great a number of clergymen, than to have recourse to

the awkward medicament advocated by the Women's Suffrage Society.

Besides the assumption of "natural rights" of ladies to mix themselves up in governmental affairs, the advocates of women's suffrage appear, as the above argument of Mrs. Fawcett shows, to rely very much upon the supposition that a government by the majority is always the most equitable and desirable. Now, I find this supposition altogether wrong, and I am sure that such form of government being actually introduced at present into any European country would make life entirely unbearable. What the majority has always done and what it has probably still to do for several generations to come is to revolt against the misdoings of the minority. But if any real progress is to be further realized at all, it will be realized solely by the efforts of a minority like that, for instance, which occupied the tribune of the Hanover Square Rooms; but certainly not by the majority of uneducated, untrained, and often thoroughly corrupted beings of a part of whom that distinguished minority make themselves the advocates.

It is a fashion amongst the defenders of ladies' rights to compare their position to that of negroes, plebeians, and serfs; but every time I hear such utterances I pity both the orator who makes them, and the sex for which they are made. They remind me constantly of a passage of a well-known economist speaking of the rôle attributed to Providence in history.

Landed property in Scotland obtained additional value from the development of English industry. This industry

opened new channels for wool. To produce wool in great quantity it was necessary to transform the arable fields into pasture. To effect this transformation it was necessary to concentrate property. For the concentration of property it was necessary to abolish small tenures, to drive away thousands of tenants from their native soil, and to place instead of them a few shepherds in charge of millions of sheep. Thus, by successive transformation landed property had for its result in Scotland the driving away of men by sheep. Now you may say that the providential aim of the institution of landed property in Scotland was to perform the banishment of men by sheep, and you shall have made a bit of providential history.

Just in the same way, one may make a bit of ladies' liberalism by saying that the selfish aim of humanity was to draw women away from the political field. In both cases, however, the sheep in the first as well as the men in the second are altogether innocent in what they have done; for, if the Scotch labourers could in any way produce wool, and render agriculture more advantageous than the production of wool, they would not have been driven away; and if women were more fit for politics, they would probably not read sensational novels, or do many other objectionable things which they are now doing. No doubt that amongst ladies of all epochs there were many highly gifted and more fit for political life than the majority of men. But it is almost as certain that among the Scotch labourers driven away from their fields there were also many men who could be advantageously preserved in the country. Unhappily, however, aggregate human life does not concern itself with indi-

viduals, but chiefly with masses; and if at a certain time a body, a sex, or any other portion of society, prove to be unfit for certain purposes, it treats them accordingly, and there is an enormous amount of nonsense in attributing such a result to any kind of perfidious or selfish efforts of the rest of mankind. Nobody would probably object to any of the ladies who were amongst the speakers in Hanover Square rooms taking part in political affairs—perhaps, even in governmental offices. But if a nation must take, together with these distinguished ladies, all the old virgins and the “respectable middle-aged” as well as “elderly widows” into the bargain, then it is fully entitled to decline this pleasure, and to confine itself to listening to the talented orators of the Women’s Suffrage Society at their own meetings only.

I am afraid that as it is usual to think that anybody objecting to the removal of the political disabilities of the ladies is necessarily an advocate of their perpetual subjection, I shall also be suspected of this. I beg to assure the ladies that this is by no means the case, and the proof is that I left all my ladies at home without any kind of moral or other superintendence. I hold that absolutely the same social freedom which the male sex possesses should be possessed also by the fair sex. I should say more than this. If I had been an English lady I should never have married an Englishman, for much as I might love him, I should not like to give away my property, or to know that, if he takes the fancy, he has the right of beating me as much as he likes without himself being beaten for it. But between this

recognition of the absolute necessity for women to possess all the usual social rights, and the grant to them of political rights, for the exercise of which they are as yet quite unfit, is a whole abyss.

II.

THERE cannot be the slightest doubt that all the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the agitation in favour of the women's enfranchisement, belong to the most distinguished and enlightened classes of Society. A good portion of the liberal members of the press, of parliament, and literature, is in some way connected with this movement. And it is only the more to be regretted that the efforts of such persons should be directed towards an object which, if realized, will be simply a curse. More than any other women in Europe are English women retrograde, bigoted, and as narrow-minded as a want of rational education, and the permanent influence of the clergy could make them. True, that the really accomplished English lady stands far above her continental sister. But how many really accomplished women are there in England? And then is there any chance of their taking part in politics? Not the least. Unless possessing some too hideous deformity, such a lady is sure to be married at 16 or 17 years of age, and once married she has, according to English law, no more chance of possessing political right than a baby has. To whom then will the franchise be

granted? To old, uneducated maids, with that sort of natural disposition which makes them unbearable to everybody, and forces them to live all their life alone, and with the greater stock of animosity towards mankind the more often they have attempted to get a husband, and failed in this attempt. The predominance in this country of the female sex over man, combined with the fact that a considerable number of travelling and trading Englishmen spread all over the world, remain for ever bachelors, or marry foreign women, make the quantity of such old maids greater than anywhere else. Further, the rights will be given to a host of widows, chiefly of that strata of society which forms the immense and peculiarly English class of lodging-house keepers,—women most of whom cannot sign their names. They will have the rights because they are householders; and they are householders by no other merits than that of having constantly kept for years and years a secret purse, to which neither the husband nor the children could have access, even in the moments of the greatest need. They will have these rights also as a reward for their having cheated their employers when serving them in the capacities of ladies' maids, nurses, cooks, or housekeepers. None of these women have anything which might be called earned money, for those who earn money are as likely to find husbands amongst the lower middle classes, as the accomplished ladies are to find husbands among the higher middle classes. The whole of their property consists, as a rule, either of such not very lawful savings, or of some bequest, to secure which

they spent years and years in intrigues against their probable co-inheritors, and in servile pandering to the wishes of some old relative possessed of property.

True that the association agitating in favour of the women's franchise, pretty frankly declares that they consider the grant of political rights to women, only as the first step in the series of contemplated reforms which have to be brought forward, with a view to change the law concerning married women &c. But in the first place, considering the slowness with which all reforms are carried out in England, half a century will probably pass before such hopes will be realized. In the second place, nothing is likely to provoke such a strong opposition on the part of Englishmen, as an attempt to alter what they consider to be their natural family rights; and no reform is likely to have so little support on the part of those in whose favour it is promoted as this, for women who are happy in their family life will never care about the legal principle upon which it rests, while the majority of those who are unhappy go either to the Divorce Court, or give themselves utterly up to crying and prying, or—what is unhappily only too often the case—to drink. Finally, it must be said that it is very doubtful whether the grant of political rights to unmarried women and widows will not be the greatest difficulty for the emancipation of married women. The envy constantly nourished by unmarried women towards the married, would be sure to present one of the greatest difficulties for bringing forward any reform in favour of the latter, and the male partisans of an unlimited sub-

jection of wife to husband would, perhaps, have no better plan of action than that of promoting as quickly as possible the grant of political rights to all the "old virgins" and "respectable middle-aged widows." This kind of constituency would be sure to secure the success of any measure calculated to render the position of married women as unpleasant as possible.

All the distinguished persons engaged in the ladies' agitation, appear to me as so many *gastronomes* eating their asparagus from the wrong end. Instead of actively promoting education amongst the women, and thus making them rightful and successful competitors of men on every field, they claim to enter the most impracticable field, arguing that they will educate themselves when they will be on it. Instead of trying to earn money, or not to lavishly spend that which they have inherited; instead of claiming that the law should recognise their right of holding property, they cry for political rights, which have no value at all, unless combined with property. Instead of spreading the knowledge of natural sciences amongst women, they promote an agitation for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, and attempt to throw the whole country into the greatest misery. And when, in pursuing their course in this original way, they meet with some opposition or criticism, they become quite indignant. It has gone so far, that when they hold their meetings they do not allow reporters to be present, and do the best they can to avoid the attendance of any man likely to point out to them their mis-arguings. And such is not only the conduct of the ladies taking part

in this movement, but of the majority of the gentlemen too. Mr. Mill, in his book on the Subjection of Women, strongly condemns every attempt at criticism, nay, even every simple consideration, of the general tendencies and abilities of contemporary women. His opinion seems to be that all the defects of women (if only any defect is to be found in them at all) ought to be attributed to the unbearable laws of subjection under which they live, and which had been made by men (I must understand by Englishmen, for I feel myself completely innocent in the matter). For people who allow themselves to speak about ladies with lightness, or to laugh at some of the ladies' weaknesses, he shows the greatest contempt, openly testifying that he don't want to be read by them, still less to argue with them. An old *mot*, belonging most likely to some French *blagueur*, and saying that "queens are better than kings, because under kings women govern, but under queens men," he taxes with insult, quite forgetting, probably, that hardly anybody has used half as unceremonious a language in speaking of the fair sex as Mr. Mill uses in speaking of the male sex, and as ladies occasionally use. Both Mr. Mill and the ladies seem to think that while women's defects are developed under the pressure of social laws, men's defects are always framed according to the mere fancy of men themselves, and quite independently of the influence of mothers who bring them up, of wives with whom they have to live, and of the whole of the conditions under which they have to work out their lives.

Anything that cannot stand against laughter and

criticism, must be destitute of all merit. If a highly gifted and accomplished woman would step forward upon the political field, as many of them did in the past, nobody would laugh at her now, as nobody did laugh then. In the same way, if women of average intelligence would agitate in favour of creating better human beings, quite independently of the sex of such beings, there would not be a single man disposed to do anything else than reverently and thankfully kiss the hands of all such ladies. But if all of them wish to step on a field which has been until now chiefly the domain of men; if they claim to be equalised with the labourers on those fields, they must not mind that the old workers wish to know how far the new ones are fit for the work. They must not mind also if these old workers cannot perceive any reason for treating the new ones otherwise than they treat one another. To question the abilities of a new member of an association, and to treat him on the footing of the most unceremonious equality, are the most sure means for arriving at what a very clever Englishman considers the thing most wanted in this country—namely, “to make reason and the will of God prevail.”

A FASHIONABLE KETTLEDRUM.

To men who, like me, have seldom an opportunity of seeing great Englishmen at a little distance, every chance of meeting them is a piece of good luck, and it is only natural that I should have taken advantage of an occasion on which I could see several of them quite plainly and *sans gêne*, as if it were at their own homes or my own parlour. It was in Stafford House, on the occasion of a meeting of the Gentlewoman's Self-Help Institute. Much to my regret, I had nobody to point out to me all the noble and distinguished ladies and gentlemen amongst whom I found myself, but a few of them I was able to recognise myself. So I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gladstone, who had found leisure to pay his homage to the fair sex. He wore a brown overcoat, and looked, when he talked to any one, much more bright and nice than in his photographs. Only, when taking a listening attitude and shutting his eyes, he appeared somewhat at a disadvantage. I saw also Dr. Cumming, about whose ecclesiastical and prophetic exploits I have read so much that I became quite anxious to see him, and found that he looks much less

fierce than I could have expected. He delivered an able speech, and read some capital poetry; but I am sorry to say I did not hear him, as the spacious and lofty hall is naturally deficient in acoustic respects. I saw, also, Mr. Morley—not the one who objects to people laughing at the question of woman's emancipation, even if they find anything to laugh at in it—but the one who is an M.P. He wore, also, a brown overcoat, with the addition of gold spectacles, and delivered a speech, in which he described a legerdemain which he had made with a ten-pound note, so as to make it serve for twice its amount in benevolent purposes. He bought some articles at the sale-room of the Gentlewoman's Self-help Institute, thus benefiting the Institute by £10, and sent these articles to some other benevolent bazaar, benefiting that also to the same amount. He much recommended this ingenious plan of procedure to the ladies and gentlemen whom he addressed. I saw also the Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided, and whom, indeed, I had seen many times previously. At ragged-school meetings, at meetings for the conversion of the Jews, as well as at the majority of the meetings in any way concerned with Church questions, he is invariably to be found in the chair. He looked, as usual, very severe, and when speaking, as usual, sawed the air with his right hand, advancing the dexter finger as if he were inculcating something into the heads of his audience. The only difference I noticed on this occasion was that he made no fierce sortie, as he habitually has done of late, against the new educational scheme. I saw also

many other distinguished gentlemen of comparatively less considerable prominence, and heard again Sir Robert Anstruther, whose arguments in favour of the emancipation of ladies I listened to at the Hanover Square Rooms. It was he who gave so striking a picture of the frivolity and foolishness of contemporary ladies, and who said at the same time that this was not a reason for refusing them political rights, as there are plenty of men who are quite as frivolous and foolish. On the present occasion he pointed out to his audience the general character of the times we live in, when the interests of the fair sex make their way from all sides, and this not only with all the success which could be hoped for, but with one exceeding all expectation, and out of doors as well as in doors of the various assemblies, including a very high one. In speaking so, he seemed to look in the direction of Mr. Gladstone, and I saw Mr. Gladstone smile at some remark which a distinguished lady sitting at his side made to him. • I wish I was that lady. I could then communicate to you what meant that smile of Mr. Gladstone's:—Did it mean, "Don't be too jolly; the matter is not over yet, and I am not so good-natured as you think"; or did it mean, "Je suis touché, and shall do my best to preserve the same line of conduct."* Sir Robert said, also, that the Gentle-

* It appears that the smile of Mr. Gladstone must have been interpreted in the first sense, for on the very same night the Woman's Disabilities Bill was rejected in the House of Commons, after Mr. Gladstone's speech, in which he declared himself "quite surprised and disappointed at the momentary

woman's Self-help Institute is the more important, as the present education of ladies makes them utterly helpless in cases where they are unexpectedly deprived of the means of existence. With this statement I quite agreed, and was only thinking how it will be when, in addition to the trouble of educating themselves, and providing some means of existence, the ladies shall have political bother.

Of the Institute itself there is scarcely anything to be said, except that it would be a very commendable one if it were likely to do something towards the achievement of the aim it has in view. The position of educated English gentlewomen, who fall into destitution through circumstances over which they have had no control, must really be one of the most desperate nature. The Earl of Shaftesbury pointed out that even when able to work, they are prevented from working by the constant insults which they have to suffer from those for whom they work. And as it is very likely that such ladies are greatly disposed to take for an insult what a shopkeeper, for whom they work, or a middle-class father, whose children they teach, consider simply as a usual manner of transacting business, there is nothing astonishing in the fact to which the noble chairman alluded by saying that he knew of a gentleman who had nothing for three days in the way of food but three pieces of sugar. But from the following description of the organization of the Institute, the reader will perceive that scarcely any real benefit can success" which had been previously obtained by this attempt to "unsettle the old landmarks of society."

be expected for "ladies in reduced circumstances" at present.

The Gentlewoman's Self-help Institute is under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Dowager Countess of Dunmore, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Marchioness Townsend, the Dowager Countess of Westmorland, the Lady Anne Sherson, the Lady Henniker, and Mrs. Self; and under the superintendence of Mrs. Una Howard. The promoters of this institution seek to place within the reach of educated ladies, widows, and daughters of clergymen, barristers, military and naval officers, and professional men, who may have been reduced from easy circumstances to narrow means, an opportunity of turning their natural or acquired abilities to account. Rooms have been opened at the premises, Bessborough-gardens, for the reception and sale of articles produced by ladies in reduced circumstances. These rooms are now crowded with a great variety of articles of every description — oil paintings, drawings, modelled waxwork, guipure and other lace, wool-work, embroidery, baby-clothes, and plain work of all sorts. Although the institution has been established but a very short time, and although its funds are yet limited, over 383 receipts have been given out for work. The Council feel confidence, in making this fact known, that they will not remain without increased support. A donation of ten guineas constitutes a life membership, and confers a right to nominate one pupil annually, and to obtain for them or others the power of exhibiting their productions for sale; an annual subscription of one guinea confers the same right; and an annual subscriber of two guineas may nominate two pupils; and donors and subscribers to a larger amount possess a corresponding increase of patronage. Any lady wishing to become a working member has to furnish two references as to respectability, certifying to her being a gentlewoman by birth and education, which will be laid before the ladies' committee by

the lady superindendent, Mrs. Howard, and, if approved, the lady so applying will be required to procure a nomination from a subscriber to the Institute, when she will become eligible to partake of the benefits of the institution in any way most advantageous to herself.

There can scarcely be any hope that, with "oil paintings, drawings and model wax-work," much money can be realized ; for these kind of productions, if they are good, do not want to go to Bessborough Gardens to be sold ; and if they are not good, nobody wants them. As to "embroidery, baby clothes, and guipure lace," unless they are much better and cheaper than in the common shops, they run great risk of remaining for ever on the premises, superintended by Mrs. Una Howard. Besides this, the whole amount of subscription of this Institution, as far as given in the report, does not exceed £350, and the Institute itself seems not to be quite settled, for the resolution passed at the meeting provided "that a committee be formed to place the Institute on a more permanent footing."

After a considerable amount of eloquence had been expended and the annual report read, several powdered footmen arrived with large silver trays full of cups of coffee, tea, of various cakes and of little jugs of cream. This last delicacy excited general admiration from the ladies ; while the gentlemen were chiefly engaged in looking for Mr. Gladstone, probably, with a view to present him their compliments. Unhappily, however, the great statesman disappeared just before the speeches were brought to a close.

When tea, the search for Mr. Gladstone, and the contemplation of one another's clothes were over, the whole company went upstairs to see the house and the pictures. I should gladly add a few words about the house if thought any man justified in speaking of it after having only once visited it for a few moments. The entrance hall alone is worth many hours of examination. As a production of art it is something which one does not often meet with, and there is nothing surprising that this entrance hall seems often to be used as a kind of reception hall. The size given to it as well as to the staircase has considerably affected the rest of the house. The mansion looks like a loaf out of which the whole of the crumb has been cut out. The two great front rooms, for instance, have been rendered much narrower than they should have been, especially when taking into account their loftiness. That in which the splendid pictures are placed looks quite like a gallery. The pictures gain by it, for they have more light: but the rooms are lost. Of the pictures themselves, a Turk has probably nothing new to say to Englishmen, who know that almost all of them are chefs-d'œuvre. Quite as great a chef-d'œuvre is a marble lady with an apple in her hand and a serpent at her side. She looks only a little too isolated in the gallery, where there are no other sculptures. I was also thinking that the shocking example she sets would, perhaps, be not so dangerous if she was placed in the entrance-hall, where ladies probably pass more quickly, and where there already is a considerable amount of treasures of sculpture assembled,

among which I was only astonished at finding a large photograph of a fireman. I was long wondering how this photograph came there, and what it had to do among the collection of beauties of this magnificent hall. Only when this paper had been already printed, a friend of mine explained to me that the photograph must be that of the noble proprietor of Stafford House, who had a peculiar weakness for attending fires, and set the fashion of this kind of sport amongst the English nobility. This, of course, rendered the face of this photograph being amidst great works of art quite intelligible.

THE END.



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